The Outlook

NOVEMBER 23, 1912

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The Balkan War: A Crisis

The war in the Balkans has now reached a crisis. In five weeks a struggle which had its beginnings over five centuries ago has taken on an entirely new aspect. In this issue of The Outlook the reader will find, in the following order: a paragraphic account of the events of the war during the past week; an editorial article descriptive of Constantinople, in the suburbs of which the Bulgarians have already taken their position; an editorial by Mr. Roosevelt entitled "The Story of the Balkans," tracing the course of the forces which have been at work during the centuries; and an illustrated article on "The War of Five Nations," by Mr. S. V. R. Trowbridge, who was for some time a resident in Turkish territory and was an eye-witness of Turkish atrocities. The reader will also find the two maps—one of the Balkan Peninsula, the other of the environs of Constantinople—useful for reference in connection with these various accounts of the war. After barely more than a month of war, the Sultan has sued for peace. Last week Turkish emissaries at Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, presented this note to the Bulgarian Foreign Minister:

> The Ottoman Government having approached the great Powers of Europe to ask their mediation, we are charged to inquire of your Excellency if Bulgaria is disposed to accept this mediation, and, if so, to what conditions her acceptance will be subject.

At the outset of the war most military critics were inclined to believe that the Turks would be ultimately, if not immediately, the victors. Instead, the Turks have not won one important engagement. Indeed, they are in danger of being driven out of Europe, for last week the Bulgarian armies captured six out of the twenty-six Tchataldja forts, extending from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora, about twenty-five miles from Constantinople and forming its outer defense. Furthermore, without waiting to take the other forts, at the end of last week some of the Bulgarians forged ahead and managed to get past the Forest of Belgrade to a point on the Black Sea close to the entrance to the Bosphorus, and thence to Therapia, the summer resort of Constantinople, used as a place of residence for some of the foreign ambassadors. Therapia is only eight miles from the walls of the capital. The small map of the environs of Constantinople, printed in connection with an editorial description of the city, will indicate the course of the Bulgarian advance. This progress of the Bulgarian troops will doubtless affect the Bulgarian Council of Ministers, assisted by the agents of the Powers at Sofia, in deciding just what conditions Bulgaria will make if she agrees to suspend fighting. These, it is stated, will be the capitulation of the Turkish army at Tchataldja, the entry of the Bulgarian troops into Constantinople, and the surrender of the Turkish garrisons at Adrianople in Thrace and at Scutari and Janina in Albania. But an armistice is not peace, and if Turkey is to conclude peace with Servia, Montenegro, and Greece, as well as with Bulgaria, the Ottoman Government might as well be prepared to lose its remaining territory in Europe, except possibly Constantinople. This would mean a permanent occupation by the troops of the allied states of the territory now occupied by them. That is to say, Bulgaria would move southward and occupy at least all the province of Thrace, thus adding immensely to her territory. Servia would move west and south, occupying part of Novibazar to the west, and all of old Servia and of Macedonia to the south, and not stopping until she comes to the Ægean Sea, thus about doubling her present size. Montenegro would doubtless expect to get the district and ports now occupied by her in North Albania, and Greece the territory (her own ancient Epirus!) now occupied by her in South Albania, especially as its population is Greek

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by race and by religion: Greece would probably also acquire the eastern end of Macedonia, now occupied by her troops. But the great port of Macedonia, Salonika, would, so it is said, be made a free port. And, what is more, Constantinople would be internationalized—that is to say, would be under the control of all the Powers acting together, or of the Balkan Confederation. Furthermore, the free passage of the Dardanelles would be assured. An examination of the map printed on page 607 in connection with Mr. Roosevelt's editorial on "The Story of the Balkans" will help to make this statement clear.

The Balkan War: The Servian Complication

Diplomatically last week seemed the most critical of the Balkan war. Servia was the cause of a vexing complication. Her armies continued their operations, on the east at Adrianople and on the south advancing towards Salonika, while on the west an attempt was made to penetrate Albania. All of these movements were marked by the enthusiasm kindled by the capture in old Servia of the ancient capital of Uskub. More than five hundred years ago it was the capital of the most famous ruler in Servian history, Stephen Dushan, who ruled the Balkans from the Danube to the Ægean. Some years prior to his death in 1356 he also extended his empire through part of Albania to the Adriatic. With the capture of his old capital, the Servians dreamed of a restoration of his empire and in particular of getting a port or ports on the Ægean or Adriatic. Cut off from both of these seas, Servia is in economic subjection to the countries surrounding it. This is an intolerable position, particularly as Servia's neighbors are inclined to impose such duties upon her products as practically to regulate her export trade. She needs and should have a seaport of her own. But any Servian approach to the Adriatic draws a bar across the line of what Austria has for many years announced as the path of her own advance, namely, southward to Salonika. Hence the Servians last week acted as if they might not be unwilling to turn from fighting the Turk to fighting the Austrians. In such a conflict Austria could count upon the support of her colleagues in the Triple Alliance, Germany and Italy. But the Servians doubtless thought that they would have the support of the members of the Triple Entente—Russia, of course, and then England and France. To the relief of every one, the possibility of a European conflagration has now apparently been removed by the sober second thought of both Servia and Austria. In order to gain one of the Albanian ports the Servians would have to cross Albania from east to west, subduing the Roman Catholic and the Mohammedan portions, precisely those which would be most impatient under any possible rule by Greek Catholic Serbs. Thus, such a Servian attempt would endanger Balkan peace rather than insure it. But, even if the attempt could be successful, the Albanians, as we have seen above, have the right of the first settlers, for they have never been entirely conquered by Greeks, Romans, Slavs, or Turks, while the Servian claim is but the claim to a port that was hers for only a few years five and a half centuries ago. Fortunately, a port of the Ægean is just as near geographically, and easier to get diplomatically. If Servia obtains it—and she should—it will be due not only to the equities of the case and to European pressure, but especially to Austria's timely realization of what the Serbs outside and inside of Servia might accomplish if some great movement should bring them all together. The Austro-Hungarian Government knows that it controls in its own dominions about five million Serbs, and that of all its provinces Croatia and Slavonia have been the most discontented and mutinous. They, with Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, are almost purely Serb in population. What if they should secede from the Empire and incorporate with a new Servia already doubled in size? Against such a possibility Austria finds it wise as well as right, while conserving her own interest, to help Servia in hers. In so acting Austria has solved the latest Balkan problem, and, what is more, the latest European problem.

The Balkan War: Albania

But what would become of Albania?—that province which two years ago began the agitation that led up to the present war. If Albania should become a semi-independent principality, as has been intimated, the natives, according to those who know the country, would probably advance as rapidly as have the Bulgarians. Like the Basques in Spain, the Albanians are a native stock. They are, as Mr. Roosevelt points

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out in his editorial, really the old Illyrians, and are doubtless to-day what they were in classic times, a hardy, rough, mountain race. Much of their country is as independent of the Turk as is Montenegro. Though the Albanians have always been the flower of the European Turkish army, in return for their allegiance the Sultan has had to be very careful how he taxed them, or whether he taxed them at all! Of all fallow and backward races the Albanians are said to have the greatest possibilities. If an independent government could introduce schools, build roads, and check tribal feuds, there would soon be, it is believed, another progressive little nation in the Balkan Peninsula, able to exist for its own sake, and strong enough to resist being a tool for any Power to use for its own interest. With this prophecy of the future it would seem as if, in carrying out the principle of "the Balkans to the Balkan peoples," the national existence of the Albanians should be secured. In religion the Albanians are mostly Mohammedans. But they also number about four hundred thousand Christians; those in the north are Roman Catholics, those in the south are Greek Christians. Those in the north are known as the Malissori tribes. As soon as they discovered that the Montenegrins wanted not only to deliver them from the Turkish yoke, but also to capture their country, they left their neighbors to invest Scutari as best they might, declaring that their alliance with them did not signify that they wanted to become their subjects. But, whether Mohammedan, Roman Catholic, or Greek, the Albanians are a sufficiently homogeneous people to demand a national existence. Accordingly their chiefs have met at Avlona, one of their principal ports, and have proclaimed their country's independence. Pending recognition by the Powers, a committee has been formed among those chiefs to conduct Albanian affairs. This event has been emphasized by the departure of many Albanians from this country, and of several hundred more who have signified their intention of leaving. They declare that they are not worried about the fate of the Ottoman empire, but they are worried lest Albania should be divided up by the Balkan States in case of Turkey's defeat, and hence they are going back to Albania to save it by force of arms, if need be, from foreign annexation. Thus, while a new force has risen in Europe—one of the great events of our time—the Balkan Confederation, consisting of four little nations, which for five weeks have conducted one of the notable wars of history, the war may end in the recognition of a fifth nation among them.

Uproar in the British Parliament

Last week a scene occurred in the British Parliament at Westminster that reminds one of the recent scenes in the Hungarian Parliament at Budapest. The event had to do with the Irish Home Rule Bill. A Conservative member introduced an amendment reducing the $30,000,000 proposed to be transferred to the new Irish Government to $12,500,000. If the amendment carried, it would defeat the most important financial feature of the Home Rule Bill. To the consternation of the Liberals, the amendment did carry, and they thus found themselves suddenly in a minority. They were assailed by cries of "Resign" and "Dissolve" from their Conservative opponents. On the following day, instead of resigning, Mr. Asquith, the Liberal Prime Minister, moved to rescind the amendment. The Speaker, Mr. Lowther, declared that he could find no precedent for rescinding a decision of the House arrived at in the discussion of a bill. Mr. Asquith thereupon said, as reported, "If the decision remains unreversed, or, on reconsideration, is found to be the deliberate judgment of the House, it will be impossible for the Government to proceed with the bill." On this many men from both sides attempted to speak, but their sentences were drowned by shouts and derisive cries. The Speaker finally adjourned the House for an hour to give the members an opportunity to cool down. And this in sober England! As soon as the House reconvened the same scenes were repeated, and after more appeals for order, the Speaker at length adjourned the House until the next day. Then ensued a remarkable scene. Documents and order papers flew across the floor from side to side; Mr. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty in the Liberal Cabinet, was hit by a book. There was an ugly rush from side to side, but the cooler members held back their colleagues from a battle of fists. It took a Labor leader to quiet his more aristocratic brethren; the peacemaking voice of "Will" Crooks was raised in the familiar song "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot." Other peacemaking members

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SIR CECIL ARTHUR SPRING-RICE

Who succeeds the Right Hon. James Bryce as British Ambassador to the United States

quickly took up the strain and restored good humor to some extent. The House separated without further violence. As to the future, the Liberals declare that two remedies may be applied. First, the Speaker can suspend all disturbers, or, second, the Government may apply "closure" whenever debate is made impossible and carry resolutions by mechanical majorities without discussion. It remains to be seen just how this latter means would operate in the case of the snap vote which defeated the Government. This defeat was due to a surprising absence of Government supporters rather than to any particular change of opinion. The whole episode, however, is interesting not so much because of its Irish as its English significance. It indicates, first, that the "mother of parliaments" has lost a traditional and celebrated dignity and restraint. Second, this would appear to have been the work of aristocrats, not democrats.

Ambassador Bryce and His Successor

When Mr. Bryce came to this country as Great Britain's Ambassador six years ago, he was welcomed not less as a friend of America than as publicist and statesman. He retires at the age of seventy-five, leaving behind him here the cordial liking of the people and the country whose political development he has so well interpreted. As The Outlook long ago pointed out, Mr. Bryce, de Tocqueville, and von Holst stand in the esteem of thoughtful men as the three foremost interpreters of American life and growth. His literary achievements, extending

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from "The Holy Roman Empire" of his early days, a work whose authority and accuracy have remained unimpeached for fifty years, down to his just-published book of travel and observation in South America (which contains, by the way, the clearest description of the Panama Canal we have read), cover a remarkably wide range of knowledge, and all are written with lucidity and poise. His appointment as his nation's representative in Washington was regarded as an ideal one on both sides of the water, and he has consistently and unfailingly done everything possible to strengthen the amicable relations of the two countries. It is natural that those English papers which are disturbed over the admission of American coastwise vessels to the privileges of the Panama Canal without tolls should incline to see a connection between that matter and Mr. Bryce's retiral. The sufficient answer has been the statement, apparently authorized, that Mr. Bryce's intention to withdraw from the diplomatic field was communicated to his Government last year. Even now, at its urgent request, he will remain at Washington for some time. Mr. Bryce's successor will be Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, who made an extremely favorable impression at our capital as a secretary of legation in 1889. He came to this country during Mr. Roosevelt's administration on a special mission said at the time by the press to have had a bearing on proposed friendly intervention between Russia and Japan, and has served Great Britain as Minister in Persia and Sweden. He is well known and highly esteemed throughout Europe and in the United States. In the earlier part of his career he was private secretary of Lord Granville and Lord Rosebery in the Foreign Office. He is a scholar as well as a diplomat; he received honors at Eton and Oxford, and is of that fine type of English gentleman that combines culture with achievement and knowledge of the world with high ideals.

José Canalejas Spain has lost her strongest man. Her Prime Minister, José Canalejas, has been assassinated. It would have been better for Spain had any other man been assassinated. For here was one who, almost the first in the history of Spain, had been able to throw off the century-old yoke and give to the Peninsula some semblance of modern liberal civilization. We are accustomed to think of Spain as a priest-ridden country religiously and as a reactionary country politically. And this is in large degree true. But, as ten men would have been sufficient to save Sodom, so in Spain there have been a few men of light and leading. And Canalejas was the best of them, because he knew how to make his ideals count in actual deeds. Alone of Spanish statesmen, who have long chafed under the rule of the Church, Canalejas understood how to shape public opinion both outside and inside Parliament until that body should pass the famous "Padlock Bill," under which the religious orders can no longer rule Spain as they have done. That this should bring about a diplomatic rupture with the Vatican was natural; that there should even be some reaction in a country so inveterately Catholic as is Spain was also natural. But the Premier saw straight. He did not deviate, but remained unmoved by all the thunders from the Vatican and by all the perils which lay nearer home. Fortunately, he had won the confidence of the youthful King. And because of this royal confidence Canalejas was able to govern Spain during the past three years as Spain has never yet been governed. If he tried to deliver his country from religious bondage, he also labored for the economic good of the people. He may have been mistaken in some things—indeed, it is perhaps due to the severity of his execution of the strike law that his assassination occurred; others think it is an echo of the resentment at the execution of Ferrer, the Barcelona Anarchist, an event, however, which occurred before Canalejas came into power. The good deeds of Canalejas will remain unquestioned, and to those already recounted should be added his firmness, in the face of a tortuous European diplomacy, in conducting his country's foreign interests out of the maze of such diplomacy to a conclusion which enlarges and betters Spain's colony in Morocco. The loss of such a man only emphasizes the fact that the most irresponsible and least useful person may in an instant remove from usefulness the most responsible and the most useful.

Mr. Roosevelt on the Future of the Progressive Party If any question existed either about the permanence of the Progressive party as a National force or as to the value and substance of what it has already accomplished, such doubt should certainly be dispelled by Mr. Roosevelt's statement of last week. Mr.

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Roosevelt sustained his declaration that the Progressive party has come to stay, and that, "so far from being over, the battle has just begun," by pointing out that what has been actually accomplished in the few months since the new party was founded is "literally unparalleled in the history of free government under representative institutions." His summary of the difficulties encountered and the results actually accomplished by volunteers hastily brought together is both complete and convincing:

> Without much money, without any organization, against the wealth of the country, against the entire organized political ability of the country, against the bitter hostility of ninety per cent of the press of the country, against the furious opposition of every upholder of special privilege, whether in politics or in business, and with the channel of information to the public largely choked, the Progressive party has polled between four and four and one-half million votes, has hopelessly beaten one of the old parties both in the electoral college and in the popular vote, has carried several of the important States in the Union, and has taken second place in the Nation and either first or second place in some thirty-seven of the forty-eight States.

That the rank and file of the Progressive party is determined and enthusiastic was seen in the great meeting at Boston on the evening of November 9. At Tremont Temple a throng of thousands cheered as heartily as those other thousands did at the Madison Square Garden Progressive meetings. An overflow meeting at Faneuil Hall was equally enthusiastic. The addresses by Dean Kirchwey, of the Columbia Law School; of Winston Churchill, of New Hampshire; of Matthew Hale, the chairman, and others, were all in agreement in declaring that the struggle for human rights and social justice is to be continued, and that every effort must and shall be made to perfect the organization of the party. This sentiment was (we are quoting from an anti-Progressive paper) "uproariously applauded by the whole audience," and resolutions were adopted pledging the party to no compromise. A practical token of the earnestness of the meeting was shown by the subscription on the spot of over eight thousand dollars for the future campaign.

The President on the Election

In the New York "World" of Thursday of last week there appeared an interview with President Taft giving his views as to the significance of the election and as to what may be expected as a consequence of the change of the Government from Republican to Democratic control. In this interview he states that he is not greatly disappointed as to the result of the election. He has been glad to have had the opportunity of being President because he believes he has been enabled to help his country toward improvement. The progress that the country has made, he believes, has been, not through the great and notable measures, but through the less important and obvious statutes and changes. He regards the changes that have been made in the civil service as illustrative of this fact. He says that he had certain plans which he could have carried out if he had been re-elected, and could thereby have promoted the general comfort and happiness. With regard to the programme of the Progressive party he shows little patience. He says of it that it contemplates the impossible, and that if the country could stand the shock that would come to it upon adoption of the programme, he would like to see the attempt made "in order that the people might learn the hollowness and impracticability and the sham character of many of the promises upon which such progress is promised." Of the Progressive leaders who advocated this programme, he says that they are a class of men "who do not deserve to figure in any more honorable light than the quacks do in the practice of medicine." He urges the Republicans, therefore, to look forward to the time when many will recover from the "Bull Moose fever" and when the country will have become disappointed with the Democrats, so as to take advantage of the opportunity for the restoration of the Republican party to power. With reference to Mr. Taft's characterization of those who advocated the Progressive platform, it might be well worth while to notice that these "quacks" include such men as Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California; Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History at Harvard University; Dean William Draper Lewis, of the University of Pennsylvania Law School; Dr. Frank J. Goodnow, Professor of Administrative Law and Municipal Science at Columbia University; Dr. George W. Kirchwey, Professor of Law in the Columbia Law School; Dr. Flavel S. Luther, President of Trinity College; Dr. Samuel McCune Lindsay, Director of the New York School of Philanthropy and President of the Academy of Political Science in New York; Professor Charles

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McCarthy, the Legislative Librarian of Wisconsin: Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, until recently Commissioner of Corporations in Mr. Taft's Administration. The names are selected at random.

The New York Public School Imbroglio

New York City newspapers have given the country recently some startling accounts of a serious conflict between certain important officials of the city government and certain educational experts of high standing employed to investigate and report on the city public school system. The public mind has been confused by certain details of this controversy which have been given a prominence wholly disproportionate to their importance. In an endeavor to clear up this confusion we here give a brief history of the transactions which have led to the conflict. A little less than a year ago the Board of Estimate, which passes upon all expenditures of money by the city government, appointed a special committee to study the city school system and make recommendations for modifications or improvements. This committee—consisting of Mr. Mitchel, President of the Board of Aldermen; Mr. Prendergast, Comptroller of the city; and Mr. Miller, President of the Borough of the Bronx—about ten months ago engaged Professor Paul H. Hanus, of Harvard University, to make this scientific study or investigation of the public schools. As the subject of the inquiry is so vast, involving the expenditure of over thirty-five million dollars annually and the yearly education of seven hundred thousand pupils, one man could not undertake the work alone. Ten educational experts were therefore chosen to act as assistants to Dr. Hanus. One of these assistants was Professor Moore, of Yale University, whose special share in the inquiry was to study and report upon the Board of Education and its functions. Professor Moore spent more than forty days in the city of New York studying at first hand the Board of Education and its work. His report was finally completed and sent to the Committee of Inquiry of which President Mitchel was the head. Mr. Mitchel and his colleagues did not approve of Professor Moore's report, severely criticised it, called upon Professor Moore to modify it, and, upon what seems to us Professor Moore's very proper refusal to modify it except on instruction from Professor Hanus, President Mitchel and his associates rejected the report. Some of the newspapers have stated that the report was suppressed. This, of course, is incorrect, as the report has been printed in full in the "City Record" and is accessible to any citizen. What President Mitchel and his associates did was to decline officially to receive the report. We think this was a mistake. They should have received it and should have shown the public in what particulars they believe it to be inaccurate and unjust. The report on its face shows that it is based upon a careful and accurate study of the facts. Professor Moore's conclusions from these facts may be unsatisfactory to President Mitchel and his associates, they may even be erroneous conclusions, but we do not believe any educational expert of high standing in the country can be found who will be willing to modify his conclusions in order to make them agree with the conclusions of any other expert or any official of the city. President Mitchel and his associates on the Committee of Inquiry, having denounced Professor Moore's report, have now selected two other experts to make a study of the Board of Education and report upon it. Professor Frank J. Goodnow, of Columbia University, and Dr. Frederic C. Howe, the expert on municipal government who has often been a contributor to The Outlook, will make a new investigation and a new report to take the place of Professor Moore's. The final result ought to be awaited with great interest not only by the citizens of New York but by men and women interested in educational matters throughout the country.

Professor Moore's Criticisms

In the meantime it is worth while noting some of the most important defects which Professor Moore finds in the administration of the New York public schools. The first is that New York City administers its schools by a Board of Education of no less than forty-six members. This is too large a number, says Dr. Moore, and he cites the examples of other cities as showing that a change is necessary—for instance, Philadelphia has changed the number of its school board from forty-two to fifteen; St. Louis, from twenty-one to twelve; Boston, from twenty-four to five; and Atlanta, from fourteen to seven. The difficulty with a large board is not so much that it spends its time in speech-making as that only a few

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members really take part in the discussions. A large board must always lack "unity, comprehension of its work, and energy in the performance of it," for such a board "invariably splits up in factions;" "its members do not know each other well enough to discuss their common function together;" and "the result is a non-progressive school administration." The second reason why the New York City system is unsatisfactory is because the Board of Education does not possess the means for managing its schools. As to finances, "each committee of the Board estimates the separate needs of its division, the Finance Committee reviews them, the Board adopts them, the Comptroller's staff suggests changes in them, the Board of Estimate and Apportionment modifies them, and the Board of Aldermen then may reduce them;" indeed, the city's fiscal authorities seem to hold that the school system is only "a subordinate department of the city government." The Board of Aldermen, Professor Moore even declares, "has frequently taken upon itself the duty of requesting or recommending to the Board of Education what action it should take in matters which are purely educational in their character"—concerning, for instance, "the locating of schools, the renting of buildings, the establishing of high schools, the appointment of teachers, the fixing of the course of study, and the printing of schoolbooks in union shops." Mr. Moore adds:

> The Board of Estimate and Apportionment, by controlling the appropriations of the Board of Education . . . in effect administers the school affairs of the city, deciding and determining what subjects shall be taught, what supplies shall be furnished, what enlargements and improvements shall be made, and if it wishes to stop progress and effectual education, rendering the Board of Education a mere rubber stamp.

There are other interesting features of Professor Moore's report—for instance, the question whether the members of the Board of Education should be paid or not, or whether it should not be represented by a general manager, thus ending "the ancient jealousy between the Board of Education and its own director," the general manager naturally to be the Superintendent of Schools. Dr. Moore's judgments confirm the position taken last year by The Outlook with regard to the proposed New York City charter as it affected education. We then said:

> (1) The substitution of a paid Board of Education for a voluntary Board is contrary both to reason and to experience.
>
> (2) The transfer of power to choose teachers and plan courses of study from officials whose interests are solely educational to a body whose interests are political and financial is vicious.
>
> (3) The proposal that the expenditure of money for schools be subjected to the discretion of the general financial board of the city is contrary to public policy.
>
> (4) The proposal that the safeguards now imposed by the State Civil Service Law be abandoned is a menace to the schools.

Dynamiting as a Profession

The revelations which have been made at the trial of the dynamite conspirators at Indianapolis are astounding, not merely because of the number of crimes of violence committed in many parts of the country, but because of the all but incredible heartlessness and cruelty of these men, who cared no more for the destruction of innocent human lives than a boy would care about killing flies. The story told by the informer McManigal, corroborated in parts by other witnesses, involved in this wholesale destruction of property and injury of human life not only the McNamara brothers, who are already under conviction for the "Times" explosion at Los Angeles, but also the present secretary-treasurer of the Iron Workers' Union, Herbert S. Hockin, other officials of the union, other labor officials, and paid agents of assassination. Of course it would be entirely improper to express an opinion upon the weight of this evidence while the case is still before the jury; but if half of what McManigal has said is true, the perfidy and murderous spirit of the conspirators have never been exceeded. Their utter disregard of the common demands of conscience and sensibility, for instance, is exemplified by the fact that McManigal was accustomed, whenever he "pulled off," as he phrased it, a successful explosion, to send back to his wife from whatever place he happened to be a souvenir spoon. In his story of the "Times" explosion McManigal says that McNamara admitted that after he had placed the dynamite he went upstairs and tore away a gas jet so that the explosion would be followed by fire. When he was asked if he did not know that there were people in the building and that some of them would be burned to death, he calmly replied: "Yes; but what difference does it make?" Those who still believe that the only way to settle industrial disputes is by war, in which the capitalists may be expected to use the

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methods of blacklisting and turning operatives out into the street and the like, while the unions may, as a matter of course, use violence to carry through their ends, should face such stories of planned and plotted violence as have been disclosed here, and such extremes of utterance as the Industrial Workers of the World have employed within the last year, and should recognize the instant necessity of combined action to deal with labor differences in a sane, peaceful, and conciliatory way.

New York's Harbor Endangered

The whole country has an interest in the question whether the harbor of New York is to be made available for the new style of steamships. The present piers are not long enough for the great steamers which are now being built, and any further extension of the piers into the Hudson River is regarded by the experts as undesirable, because liable to interfere with river navigation. Such extension can be made only by permission of the Federal Government. Permission has been asked, and the board to whom the matter was referred recommended that a privilege be granted to make temporary extensions until the matter can be dealt with in a final manner. The Secretary of War has refused to approve this recommendation. The ground of his refusal is that the time has come for putting an end to temporary makeshifts; that if New York City desires to retain its commercial position it must take the matter up seriously, with the purpose of making permanent provision for the new style of steamship. New York's merchants will not retain for the city her commercial supremacy unless they succeed in keeping her abreast of the commercial progress of the age. It ought to be possible for an efficient city administration to bring about a thorough discussion of the various plans, and reach some practical conclusion; and it ought not to be impossible for an efficient city administration so to put the necessity of action before the people as to turn apathy and indifference into interest and purpose. It appears to be certain that the great steamships constitute a type, if not the type, for future ocean travel; and if in some way New York City does not provide berths for them they will go elsewhere. We are glad to record that Secretary Stimson's decision has

ulated action on the part of New York. mmittee of the Board of Aldermen, ed by Mr. Mitchel, its President, has mmended to the Board of Estimate eight docks, each 1,000 feet long, be on the Hudson between Forty-fourth ifty-sixth Streets, cutting inshore as far eded. This would be enormously ex- e, but the committee believe that the ance of the undertaking to the city justify the cost. Two possible har- e suggested in the newspapers—New n, on the Connecticut shore, and Montauk Point, at the extremity of Long Island. How seriously these alternatives are being considered by the steamship companies we do not know.

Legislation in England

The cable gives us a fairly comprehensive account of the report, just issued, of the Royal Commission of Divorce in England, which was appointed in 1909. The majority report is signed by eight of the members, including the former President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, and two women members. There is a minority report signed by the Archbishop of York and two others. The majority report recommends six grounds for dissolving marriage: adultery, willful desertion for three years, cruelty, incurable insanity after five years' confinement, habitual drunkenness found incurable after three years, and life imprisonment under a commuted death sentence. The report further recommends that the Court be empowered to exclude the public in whole or in part from any matrimonial case, and to order the suppression of the publication of anything in connection with the case in the interest of morality. It also provides that there shall be no report in any case published until the case is finished, and pictorial reproductions of the parties and witnesses in a divorce case should be prohibited. The majority report rejects unconquerable aversion, incompatibility of temper, and mutual consent as grounds for divorce. It recommends certain important reforms in divorce procedure, which is now so complicated and expensive as to make proceedings for divorce practically impossible for the poorer classes. It takes the radical ground that husband and wife must be placed on an equal footing, and that whatever grounds are

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permitted to the husband for obtainin
divorce from his wife must also be ava
to the wife in a suit against the hust
The minority report disagrees with the
important recommendations of the maj
report, on the ground that they tend to l
the marriage tie and to disintegrate the fa
and it cites the experience of Am
where divorce has been easier and wide
in England, and where now there is
tion in favor of greater restrictions, as a
reason for opposing the recommendat
the majority.

Just Grounds for Divorce

The Outlook agrees
out any qualification
the fundamental p
tions of the majority of this Comm
that the grounds for divorce should
same for the wife as for the husban
court proceedings should be made su
divorce should not be less available
poorer classes than for the rich
divorce should be permitted by
other grounds than for adulte
see no adequate reason why
remain bound to a husband w
habitual cruelty or incurable
who is sentenced to a life im
is to be hoped, however, t
of this Commission is ac
grounds of divorce are
English law, the English courts will not be
so lax in interpretation of the law as some
American courts have been. It is said, we
believe on adequate authority, that in Amer-
ica a husband has obtained a divorce from
his wife on the ground of cruelty, because
she neglected to sew on his shirt buttons;
and a wife has obtained a divorce from her
husband because he never took her out for
a ride; and it is notorious that willful deser-
tion has been often made an excuse for
divorce where the parties have voluntarily
separated. Such laxity as this, however, is
to be charged up, not against the law, but
against the courts and against the public
sentiment which has sustained the courts in
such administration of the law.

The Panama Exposition

Although it will be nearly three
years before the great Exposi-
tion at San Francisco is opened
to celebrate the inauguration of the Panama
Canal, the work of preparation has already
reached a point which justifies the hopes of
the directors and of the people of San Fran-
cisco that this Panama Exposition will exceed
in brilliancy any previous exposition in the
world's history. This country has already
successfully created three International Ex-
positions or World's Fairs, which have made a
steady and logical procession from the Atlan-
tic coast towards the Pacific. The first ex-
position, in Philadelphia in 1876, celebrated
the creation of the United States as an inde-
pendent Government; the second, in Chicago
in 1893, emphasized the discovery of America
as a great continent; the third, in St. Louis
in 1904, marked the progress of the Ameri-
can people across that continent from the
Atlantic to the Pacific; and the Panama
Exposition, in 1915, will display to the world
the complete union of the two oceans, not
merely by the construction of the Panama
Canal, but by the settlement and development
of the Pacific coast and the great mid-con-
tinent spaces which less than a century ago
were wild and desolate waste places. The
climate of San Francisco and its geographical
situation alone promise wonderful opportuni-
ties for such an exposition, and there is every
indication that the energy and just pride of
Californians will develop these climatic and
geographical advantages to their fullest ex-
tent. The directors of the Panama Interna-
tional Exposition have chosen as the
Director of Exhibits Captain A. C. Baker, of
the United States Navy, retired. Captain
Baker's distinguished services in the navy
have given him an intimate familiarity with
the architecture, industry, education, and
social life of most of the civilized coun-
tries of the world; moreover, he has had
practical official experience in connection with
the Chicago Exposition in 1893, the Paris
Exposition of 1900, and the St. Louis Ex-
position of 1904. At the Paris Exposition
he was Vice-President of the Class Jury, Vice-
President of the Group Jury, and a member
of the Superior Jury. In a personal letter to
The Outlook Captain Baker tells us that it is
the purpose of the directors of the Exposition
to make it not only a beautiful spectacle in
its setting and development, but to assure the
fact that its dominant note shall be educa-
tional. In the arrangements of the exhibits
the classification will be selective rather than
collective. This selective principle has been
adopted as a result of the experience at pre-
ceding World's Fairs in this country. At
Philadelphia in 1876 the number of exhibits
was very large; at Chicago in 1893 the num-

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ber was almost unmanageable; at St. Louis in 1904 the volume of exhibits "produced a condition approaching mental nightmare." It is therefore the purpose of the directors of the Panama Exposition at San Francisco to make every exhibit not only the best possible of its kind, but a real index of historical and educational progress. If the people of the United States give their support to this Exposition, as we believe they will, it ought to be a great agency for industrial, social, and educational progress in this country and for the strengthening of cordial international relations of the United States with Europe on the one hand and with the Orient on the other.

Engravings and Etchings

Mr. FitzRoy Carrington, a partner in the firm of Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Co., of New York City, and an authority on engravings and etchings, has been appointed curator of the Department of Prints in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He will also deliver at Yale University a course of lectures on prints, a chair having been endowed for that purpose. Mr. Carrington will also continue to edit the "Print Collectors' Quarterly," which is to be taken over by Messrs. Keppel & Co., and published by the Boston Museum. All this forms an interesting event in the world of art. It is Mr. Carrington's hope that a Society of Print Lovers in America may be formed. We hope so, too. Indeed, it would seem as if it had already been formed by the happy co-operation between the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and Harvard University. It would be well if a representative collection of prints might be established in every great city. The example of the Boston Museum should be an incentive to others. Its "Bulletin of Fine Arts" states that "the print department of this museum has now more than sixty thousand prints, a collection which shows the history of the art from its beginning, and contains examples of the work of all the great masters." There is no reason why Boston should have sixty thousand prints and New York and Chicago not so great a collection in quantity and quality. Then, too, Boston has the advantage of having access to both its own museum treasures and those at the Fogg Museum at Harvard. This may stir the people in general, and particularly the art patrons, in any community to some attempt at imitation. In our largest collections there should be a good print made of nearly every important etching or engraving.

THE PHILIPPINES AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

When the news of the Democratic victory in the Presidential and Congressional elections reached the Philippine Islands, the political leaders of the Philippines, who have long been agitating for the independence of the islands, had a great celebration. Indeed, it is reported that a gathering of twenty thousand Filipinos in Manila "indulged in the wildest jubilation," and that, for the first time since his capture as an enemy of the United States, Aguinaldo, the leader of the Filipino insurrection, appeared in public and made a political speech.

This was not a celebration by the people of the Philippines as a whole. The population of the Philippine Islands consists not of one race or of a number of races in the same stage of progress toward civilization, but of a variety of races, including people well advanced and people in a very primitive stage. Among those who have been most influenced by European standards are the Tagalogs. It has been chiefly a group of Tagalog leaders who enjoy political contests and the exercise of political power that have agitated the question of independence. Whether independence for the Filipinos is regarded as desirable or not, the demand for it on the part of Filipino politicians, with the support of many who live in Manila, is not identical either with the demand for it on the part of the Filipino people, or with evidence that the Filipino people are ready for independence.

It is plain, however, that, so far as these Tagalog leaders are concerned, the election of a Democrat to the Presidency of the United States, together with the election of a Democratic majority in Congress, has given the impression that the United States is about ready to promise that it will withdraw from the Philippines and leave the Filipinos to their own devices. It is not strange that such an expectation on the part of Tagalog leaders should be the cause of rejoicing among them; for if the United States were to withdraw, it would be these leaders and members of their race who would succeed to power over the islands.

It is a good sign, this ambition on the part of the Tagalogs and their leaders to secure

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power and accept responsibility. An unambitious people is never a strong, efficient people. It is good for the Tagalogs to rejoice at what they regard as their certain prospect of advancement to authority. The question is whether they are deluding themselves with a false prospect, and whether they should be intrusted with the care of hundreds of thousands of their fellow-Filipinos.

That there is ground for this expectation on the part of the Tagalogs is shown by the fact that the Democratic platform favors "an immediate declaration of the Nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established, such independence to be guaranteed by us until the neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaty with other Powers." What this means specifically may fairly be inferred from the report of the Democratic majority in the Committee on Insular Affairs at the last session of Congress. That majority approved a bill which would provide that after July 4, 1921, the United States would relinquish all sovereignty over the islands. It is true that the President-elect, Mr. Wilson, has not, so far as we know, committed himself to this specific plan, but has been content with saying that it is our duty as trustees on behalf of the Filipino people "to make whatever arrangement of government will be most serviceable to their freedom and development."

The Outlook reiterates its belief that the independence of the Philippine Islands, or even a promise of independence at a specific date, would not be conducive to self-government in the Philippines; that it will be "most serviceable to their freedom and development" for the United States to continue the process of education which has been carried on since the Spanish War; that the present available evidence indicates that the people of the Philippine Islands are not yet ready for any considerable enlargement of the franchise or of the expansion of their legislative powers; that the maintenance of order, the protection of life and of property, the firm establishment of institutions of liberty, must for some time be under the responsible guidance of the United States in as great a degree as at present; that there is no reason why the people should not look forward to the time when they will take larger responsibilities upon themselves; and that there is no reason to believe that the time will ever necessarily come when the people of the islands will be, or will wish to be, any more independent of the United States than Canada at present is independent of Great Britain.

The United States has assumed responsibility for the Philippine Islands, and it cannot rid itself of that responsibility by evading any duties that have come in the course of the years. If the Nation should grant independence to the Philippines, the United States would not be absolved from moral responsibility for any disaster that might come in consequence. It is conceivable, of course, that a Democratic Congress might pass a bill such as that recommended by the Committee on Insular Affairs. We hope it is not possible for Mr. Wilson to sign such a bill; but if such a promise as is involved in that bill were made to the Filipinos, we do not see how the United States could honorably refuse to keep it.

The Philippine question has not been a conspicuous question in the past campaign. The American people have not given any indication that they have changed their minds with regard to the right policy toward the Philippines. If such action as is contemplated in the Democratic platform and the proposed Philippine Bill is taken, it would seem to be irrevocable. We do not believe any party has the right to take such irrevocable action in so great a matter without a clear command from the people.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH LIFE?

"Science" publishes an interesting report of a recent address by the President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science on "The Nature, Origin, and Maintenance of Life." Recognizing the difficulty of defining life, repudiating the notion that it is synonymous with soul, declaring that "the more obvious manifestation of life is 'spontaneous' movement," Professor Schaeffer argues, with a great variety of scientific illustration, that science is pointing toward a solution of the long-vexed question, What is the origin of life? The non-scientific reader will not easily follow Professor Schaeffer's scientific arguments. The scientific reader may be referred to the issue of "Science" for September 6, 1912. It must suffice for our purpose here to state the author's conclusions in his own words:

"We may fairly conclude that all changes

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in living substances are brought about by ordinary chemical and physical forces."

Or again: "We are led to regard it [life] as having been produced, not by a sudden alteration, whether executed by a material or supernatural agency, but by a gradual process of change from material which was lifeless, through material in the borderland between inanimate and animate, to material which has all the characteristics to which we attach the term 'life.'"

Or again: "Is there any valid reason to conclude that at some previous period of its history our earth was more favorably circumstanced for the production of life than it is now? I have vainly sought for such reason, and, if none be forthcoming, the conclusion forces itself upon us that the evolution of non-living into living substances has happened more than once—and we can be by no means sure that it may not be happening still."

These speculations concerning the origin of life are curious and interesting, perhaps even profitable. But they have nothing to do with living a moral and religious life. They are like the question of the small boy to his father: "What was there before there was anything, and how did it happen?" It was not necessary for the boy to get a satisfactory answer to his question in order to be a good boy. It is not necessary for us to understand the origin of life in order to live good lives as reverent children of our Father in heaven.

Whatever is the origin of matter and of life, it is certain that man has not originated them. But man can direct them; and morality consists in giving a right direction to them. If a man discharges a pistol, he does not create energy, he releases the energy which is stored in the gunpowder and directs it what to do. If he directs it to defend his wife from the assault of a ruffian, he performs a moral act. If he directs it to kill a rival, he performs an immoral act. If a man signs his name, he does not create life; he uses life, which is a form of energy. "Our life," says Professor Schaeffer, "is not a single indivisible property, capable of being blown out with a puff like the flame of a candle; but is the aggregate of the lives of many millions of living cells of which the body is composed." When a man signs his name, he releases and utilizes the energy which is stored in certain of these cells. If he uses it to sign a check which will send some of his money to feed famine-stricken China, his act is moral. If he uses it to sign some other man's name to a check in order to rob him of his money, his act is immoral.

What is the origin of life, or whether it ever had an origin, is a curious and interesting question. But there is no doubt that man can direct this energy to fulfill his will. His character depends, not on the origin of life, but on the use he makes of it. The question as to the origin of life is not a moral question. We can direct life into useful channels and employ it for the betterment of our fellow-men, whatever opinion scientists may entertain as to its origin.

Nor is the origin of life a religious question. Whether matter produces life, or matter is a form of life, or the two have existed from eternity, or one or both have had a supernatural origin, are not religious questions. The answer which philosophy makes to these questions has no necessary effect on the religious life.

Moral philosophy affirms that man can direct life into wise channels—that is, he has intelligence; and into beneficent channels—that is, he can be moral. Religion affirms that the life of the universe is directed into wise channels by an intelligence more far-seeing than man's, and into beneficent channels by a benevolence greater than man's. Belief in morality is not belief that man can originate life, but that he can direct life. Belief in religion is not belief that God originated life; it is the belief that he directs life. Creation is not making something out of nothing by a divine fiat. It is making order out of chaos by an intelligent direction and control. The declaration in Genesis i. 1, that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," does not mean that he made something out of nothing. It is a summary of the creative process described in the rest of the chapter. "How long the pre-existing waste and emptiness of chaos existed, and how long the darkness prevailed over the primal waters before the quickening spirit or breath of God brooded over its surface, we do not know."[1] We revere, not an imaginary Being who in some distant epoch made something out of nothing and started a universe on its career; we revere a Being who is constantly directing this life of the universe so as to fulfill his beneficent purposes—a Being who directs all the life in the universe, from that which is

[1] Hastings's Dictionary of the Bible. Compare also International Critical Commentary.

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manifested in a globule of water to that which is manifested in the orderly movements of uncounted millions of worlds.

As the life of the body is the aggregate of the lives of many millions of cells of which the body is composed, so the life of society is the aggregate of the lives of many individuals of which society is composed. As man can direct the lives of these cells in the body to a predetermined end, so men can direct the lives of these freely acting individuals in society to a predetermined end. On this faith in the power of man to direct life not only all individual morality but also all social reform is based.

As great men have a power to direct the free life of society in wise channels and to right ends, not by physical force but by moral inspiration and guidance, so there is an Intelligence higher than the highest and a Benevolence greater than the greatest which can and does direct the free life of society toward methods that are wise and toward results that are right. Call it God, call it what you will, there is a directing power in life that

> "shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

We cannot always understand what this Being is doing; we cannot always comprehend his designs, any more than the child in his pinafore can understand all that his father is doing or comprehend all his father's designs. But we can see that there is a design in history as there is a design in nature. And we revere the Eternal, not because he is the Creator of life, but because we can see that he is directing life to ends that we see are intelligently planned and that we believe are beneficent in purpose.

It is not important that the passenger in a steamship should know how the steam in the boiler is generated. It is very important that he should know whether there is an intelligent pilot on the bridge who can guide the ship in safety, or whether the ship goes whithersoever the forces of wind and waves carry it. It is not important that we should know what is the origin of either matter or life, or even whether they ever had an origin or whether both have existed from eternity. It is very important that we should know whether we are machines blindly obeying the wires that pull us and whether the universe is a bigger machine without a ruler.

Morality is founded on faith in ourselves; faith that we have an intelligence and a will which enable us to direct our lives according to our predetermined purpose. Religion is founded on faith in God; faith in an Intelligence higher than our own and a Benevolence greater than our own, directing life to the fulfillment of a predetermined purpose.

Morality and religion do not depend on the question, What is the origin of life? Both are founded on the faith that life can be wisely directed by intelligence and rightly directed by benevolence.

THE STORY OF THE BALKANS

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NO one can understand what is happening in the Balkan Peninsula to-day without a little knowledge of what has happened there during the last fifteen hundred years.

At the beginning of the fifth century the great Roman Empire tottered on the brink of its fall. It had become Christian, but Christianity had not been able to stop the corruption that was eating into it. The emperors had long abandoned old Rome—the Rome on the Tiber—and had made their capital at the new Rome on the Bosphorus, the city founded by Constantine, where the old Greek city of Byzantium already stood. Soon after the opening of the fifth century the barbarians swarmed across the border, and in the West the Roman Empire speedily came to an end until revived in wholly different form by Charlemagne. But in the East it persisted for a thousand years longer, gradually becoming a Greek rather than a Roman Empire, and often taking the name of Byzantine, from the Greek town which Constantine changed into the Rome on the Bosphorus. This new Rome became for many centuries the most wonderful city in the world. It has generally been called, after its founder, Constantinople. But the name of Rome still haunts these eastern European regions where the Romans once held sway. To this day the Moslems of Asia speak of the Turkish Sultan as the Lord of Roum, and his European possessions are

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THE BALKAN PENINSULA

often called Roumelia, while one of the nations which has emerged from beneath the retiring Turkish sea is called Roumania.

When, fifteen hundred years, ago the barbarians crossed the Imperial frontier, there were three peoples dwelling in the Balkan Peninsula. These were the Greeks, who spoke the Greek tongue; the old Illyrians, whom we now call Albanians, along the Adriatic, north of Greece; and the Romanized colonists and natives, including the Roman settlers whom Trajan had established across the Danube in Dacia after its conquest. The barbarians who pressed into the Eastern Roman Empire and the Balkan Peninsula were not Teutons, like those who overran Britain, Gaul, Spain, and Italy, but Slavs. Both the Slavs and the Teutons were Aryan-

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speaking peoples of the European type. But there also appeared in the Balkan Peninsula wilder peoples, horse nomads from Asia and from the steppes through which the Volga runs. These people were closely kin to the Magyars and Finns, and more remotely to the Turks and Tartars. There were several different tribes among them, but the most important were the Bulgarians.

These invaders overran the entire Balkan Peninsula, but were never able to take Constantinople itself. The Slavs, under the name of Serbs or Servians, founded a great empire, and so, at one time, did the Bulgarians. The Emperors of Constantinople waged constant war with both nations; one of their number was called the "Bulgarian Killer" because of what he did. The Serbs became Christians, but kept their native Slavonic language, and, until the advent of the Turks, their empire as well. The Bulgarians became Christians, too, but they disappeared as a separate empire; and, moreover, they became fused with the mass of the Slavs they had conquered, and the resulting mixed race, though Bulgarian by name, was much more Slavonic than Bulgarian by blood, and grew to speak a Slavonic language.

Then, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the Turkish hordes entered Europe and finally conquered the entire Balkan Peninsula. All the separate subject peoples were merged in the common lot of slavery, save that some of the Slavs, notably in Bosnia and Herzegovina, became Mohammedans and identified themselves with their conquerors, and most of the Albanians followed the same course. There was always more or less national feeling left among the Servians and Roumanians, though the representatives and heroes of this national feeling were able to make their protest against the Turks chiefly as bandits. But the Bulgarians at that time seemed to have had every particle of national feeling stamped out of them, and were of little more consequence than so many cattle.

After the subjugation of the Balkan Peninsula, the Turks continued their aggressive and conquering career in Europe for over two centuries, Hungary becoming a part of the Turkish Empire, as well as portions of what were then Southern Poland, some of which are now Austrian and some Russian. As a result of the Turks' final repulse from Vienna, however, the Turkish tide began to recede, although not without many returns.

In the nineteenth century the old nations of the Balkans began to reappear once more. Greece became independent. Servia and Roumania by successive stages gradually became independent also. One little end of Servia had always remained independent. This was Montenegro, whose inhabitants are simply mountain Serbs, who in their rugged fastnesses preserved their liberty when all the rest of their nation went under the yoke of the conqueror. By constant warfare the Montenegrins finally became what were probably the most formidable fighters in all the world; and no state has ever had a more heroic history. Albania has gradually become practically independent of the Turks. But the Albanians have had no kinship of feeling with the other Balkan peoples, and no such sense of unity among themselves as the other Balkan peoples have had. They are predominantly Moslem, but some of the tribes are orthodox, belonging to the Greek Church, and some are Catholics. They have fought a great deal among themselves. They have been willing and eager to furnish the Turks with formidable soldiers to keep down the other Balkan peoples, but they have not rendered much more than a nominal obedience themselves to the Turks, and at times and in certain places have oppressed the Turks of a given region as horribly as the Turks have oppressed any of the Christian races.

The last nation to emerge was the Bulgarians. This was after the close of the Russo-Turkish War in 1878. In that war the Montenegrins fought, and the Servians fought. The Roumanian army came to the help of the Russian, and by its strikingly gallant feat of arms in taking the Grivitzka redoubt struck the decisive blow at Plevna. But the Bulgarians did no fighting of any moment. The Turks committed the most horrible cruelties in Bulgaria, outrages so dreadful that all Europe rang with them. But the Bulgarians did not appear as among the formidable foes of the Turks. Their country was given its freedom only by the Russian army. Every one, friend and foe alike, regarded the Bulgarian peasant—and the peasant was the typical and almost the only Bulgarian—as a dull, patient ox of a man, an object of rather contemptuous pity, and never of respect or fear. Such was his condition when peace was made; the cause of civilization being set back because the Western Powers, in their jealousy of Russia, refused to allow some of the Russian conquests to be freed from

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Turkish misgovernment. There was a good deal of speculation as to what the different new nationalities would do, but nobody dreamed that the Bulgarians would play a leading or important part. The Roumanians, the descendants of Trajan's colonists in Dacia, had won their spurs. The Servians had a history and a literature. The Greeks were in every way striving to connect their new kingdom with the glorious traditions of classical time. But the Bulgarians had disappeared as a nation long before the Turks came into Europe. For centuries they had been nothing but the patient, hard-working, tortured serfs of one master after another. Nobody thought that they could rise.

But it soon became evident to keen observers that the furnace of centuries had toughened the Bulgarian into a man of marked and forceful type. No other nation has traveled so far and so fast as Bulgaria has traveled in the last third of a century. Americans have just cause to feel proud that Robert College gave to many of the leading Bulgarian citizens their education, so that it has played a peculiar part in the making of the Bulgarian nation. The dreadful experiences through which the Bulgarians had passed for more than twenty generations seemed to have purged the dross from their natures, and to have left nothing but tempered steel behind. They possessed great sobriety and steadfastness of character, and in an unfortunate little war with Servia early showed that they were also of an unexpectedly good military type. They were very patriotic. Every Bulgarian, even the poorest, felt the keenest devotion to his country. Moreover, it must be remembered that patriotism with the Bulgarian did not mean a mere emotion to be appealed to by a Fourth of July oration, nor even the emotion of a higher type which makes good men and good women try to do their civic duty. To the Bulgarian patriotism meant a fierce intensity of conviction, a passionate clinging to independence and national success as the one alternative to the most frightful slavery. For many centuries the Bulgarian had crouched helplessly under the Turkish whips. Anything he earned beyond a bare living was usually taken from him by his oppressors. And when at long intervals a few of his number, like maddened slaves, rose in aimless revolt, the vengeance wreaked on the whole nation was terrible, and that vengeance fell with appalling cruelty upon women and children quite as much as upon men. It is but thirty-five years since the Bulgarians submitted to atrocities such as in America have never been endured except by victims of Indian outbreaks. Every Bulgarian, rich or poor, became a soldier, carefully drilled, well trained, commanded by men who made military science a study of the most practical kind. Every Bulgarian was prepared at any moment to fight the Turks, and toward the Turks he felt a personal hatred such as the member of no civilized nation feels for that of another. He knew that war might come at any time, and he knew that, if beaten, it would probably mean that his home would be destroyed, his parents butchered before his eyes, his wife or sister or daughter dragged off to infamy and outrage, his younger brother or his son put to death with dreadful torture. If he were a man of middle age, he had as a child seen things like this done to his own family or to the families of his neighbors; if he were a young man, he had heard about them from the older men and women.

Under these circumstances the whole Bulgarian nation was an army, and an army of the most formidable kind. There was in the national character both a toughness and a sobriety that rendered the people willing to take a long look ahead, and carefully and laboriously prepare as their foresight demanded. Patient, self-reliant, possessing prudent caution in preparation, great speed and decision in action, and iron resolution—no wonder that the Bulgarian people has borne itself so wonderfully, that the Bulgarian army has shown such extraordinary qualities.

Not the rise of Japan itself has been more striking and unexpected than the rise of Bulgaria. Whatever may be the decision of the European Powers regarding the Balkan war—a decision which it is too much to be feared will probably be governed largely by selfish political considerations—the sympathy of the people of both Europe and America ought to be wholly with the people of the Balkans in their heroic struggle for liberty.

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CONSTANTINOPLE

IF you want to see more kinds of people than anywhere else, go to Constantinople and watch its twelve hundred thousand inhabitants. One can hardly enumerate the different kinds—there are so many. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that the location of Constantinople would be enough to attract them.

The city lies where Asia comes closest to Europe. It is a splendid site. As you come to it by sea you have the long approach through the Ægean Sea and the Dardanelles Straits and then through the small Sea of Marmora. Then there, in front of you, lies a strait, the Bosphorus, connecting with the Black Sea, and out of that strait goes a great inlet, the Golden Horn, into Europe. And there, on its seven hills about that strait and inlet, lies the imperial city. That sight you can never forget—the myriad mosques and minarets and cupolas and cypresses and fountains. And another and later sight you can never forget—all these illuminated as you look down from the heights above the city on the occasion of the celebration of the Sultan's birthday.

You will doubtless take your baggage to the European quarter, Pera, high up and away from the quarters immediately about the port. Pera is the home of the foreign embassies and legations and modern hotels—places of attractive appearance if you want a change from the Oriental sights which you may have been seeing. But, if you do want more of a mixture than Pera affords, descend into Galata, the mercantile and shipping quarter. Like Pera, it is on the northern shore of the Golden Horn. Here you will find a combination of the Occident and the Orient, representing all the compact vice that one can imagine, and making you feel that you want either to return to Pera, or cross the bridge into Oriental Stambul, or cross the strait into Asiatic Scutari; for, with their narrow, poorly paved, winding alleys, their tiny shops and bigger bazaars, their unkempt, crafty-looking people, and their incredible number of dogs and donkeys, Stambul and Scutari are the genuine Constantinople—places without foreign admixture. There you get "the real thing."

Constantinople has not always been governed by the Turk. We do not realize that underneath all its Turkish veneer it is still the greatest of Greek cities. It was founded in the sixth century B.C. by the Dorian Greeks. It was called Byzantium. It became a great trading-place and its trade reached all over the Hellenic world. Then, to turn names about, as Constantinople it was for a thousand years the capital of the Byzantine world.

In old Constantinople one will still find some walls which were standing when the town was known as Byzantium. It is strange that any of these walls should be standing, for think of the races that have contended for the city's possession!—the Persians, the Macedonians, the Athenians, the Thracians, the Gauls, the Romans, the Turks. Yet the most famous of all the walls are not those of the old Greek age, but of the Byzantine age—the walls of Santa Sophia. The church called Santa Sophia was founded by Constantine when he conquered Constantinople nearly sixteen hundred years ago. But his church was burned, as was that built by Theodosius. Then Justinian put a third church on the original site. That is the church we see to-day. When Constantinople became Turkish, in 1453, Santa Sophia became Mohammedan. From a certain point in one of the galleries, if you look sharply enough at the gold arabesques of the arch of the apse, there will gradually appear to your vision the faint outline of a great figure with outstretched arms. It is the mosaic Christ, worked, when the church was built, into the substance of the wall, and later overlaid with the gold-leaf of Mohammedan conquerors. The Bulgars have long hoped one day to erase that gold as conquerors in their turn. If they should enter Constantinople, the Turks, it is said, have vowed to blow up the mosque rather than to surrender it to the Christians. But whether Christian or Mohammedan, it is one of the noblest temples ever erected to religion.

If Constantinople is a mixture of races, it is also a mixture of religions. While its population is mostly Mohammedan, it includes several hundred thousand Christians. Of these most are Greeks, although the number of Armenians is very large. Then there are the Protestants of Europe and of America who may be engaged there in diplomatic or educational work. There are also many thousand Jews.

Because of this clash of religions our thoughts are more with our co-nationalists,

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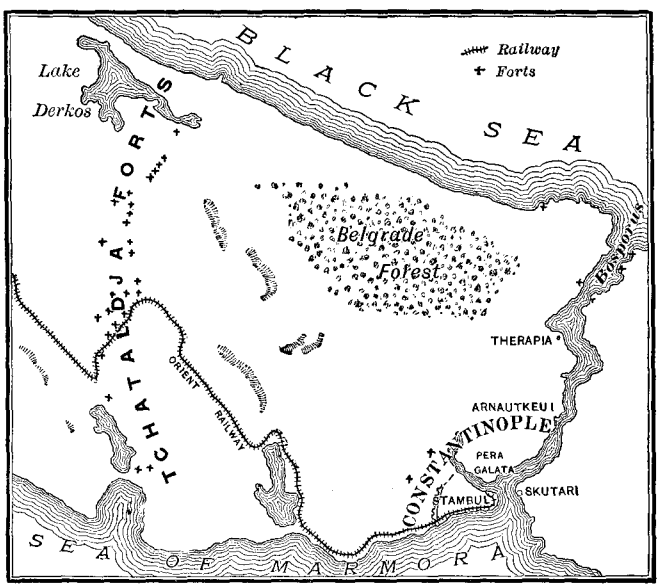
the American Protestant Christians, in the city than with the fate of the city itself. The Americans there are merchants, missionaries, diplomats and consular officers, and teachers; of the last named there are about fifty. The Turk has never introduced education to any great extent. Interesting as have been some of the mosque schools and extremely interesting as have been some of the Arab universities, the Turk as such has not been noted for his educational advance, and in Constantinople our institutions stand out the more strongly marked because of this. In Constantinople, as elsewhere, the Turk is a soldier and a tyrant. He signalized his entrance into the city by the murder of thousands of Christians, and he signalized his entrance into Europe by becoming the oppressor of subject races which under him were never more than bondmen. In country and city alike the Turk has not been a civil administrator. But there are plenty of instances of administration in Constantinople. Officialism is evident on every hand; that Turkish officialism—picturesque, yes, but for the most part greedy and predatory. Greedy and predatory indeed! The Turkish Government has been well declared to be a device for wastefully squeezing money out of the poorest class, to be spent, most of it, on the Sultan's harem and palaces and the rest on ironclads and rifles, and for permitting everybody with arms in his hands to seize his neighbor's fields and carry off his neighbor's daughter whenever he takes the fancy.



CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS VICINITY

In its foreign relations, however, that officialism has been forced to pay some attention to the demand of foreign nations that there shall be institutions of learning protected and maintained by them in the Turkish Empire, and hence we see our own institutions at Constantinople. Robert College, located on a noble headland north of the city, has as its President the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Gates, and the American College for Girls, now located at Arnautkeui, outside the city, has Miss Mary Mills Patrick at its head. The buildings of Robert College, which was incorporated under the laws of New York State in 1863, represent an outlay of about four hundred thousand dollars. There are approximately five hundred students in the institution at the present time. Many Bulgarian leaders and statesmen have been educated there. The College recently received a bequest of $1,500,000 from the late John S. Kennedy, of New York City. What Robert College does for young men the American College for Girls endeavors to do for young women, and, as every one knows, there is pathetic necessity in Turkey for an enlightened "woman's work for women." Other Protestant institutions in Constantinople are the Friends' Mission School, the Church of Scotland Mission, the Scotch Independent Free Church Mission, and the Gedik Pasha School. The last-named institution is under the direction of the American Board. Its total enrollment is at present about two hundred and fifty pupils—Turks, Armenians, and Greeks. It has more Turkish children than any other foreign school in the Empire. The school is in Stambul, on the southern slope of one of the seven hills facing the Sea of Marmora. Finally, a peculiarly American institution is the handsome Bible House, where Bibles, religious literature, and schoolbooks are printed.

The Roman Catholic schools in Constantinople for the training of both sexes are numerous, large, and efficient. Next in efficiency come the Greek schools, and after

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them the Armenian schools. There are also Turkish schools, in which the moral training is clouded from the start by the views of the Turks as to concubinage and polygamy.

As the accounts of the Turkish reverses in the Balkan war have excited bitter feeling among the Mohammedans in Constantinople, there may be grave peril because of the clash of religions. But the British, French, Russian, German, Austrian, Italian, Dutch, and Spanish war-ships now in the harbor can, in case of necessity, land a force of several thousand men. Perhaps this force will be able to meet any emergency.

A more immediate peril would seem to be the misery of the hordes of disorganized, beaten, and hungry Turkish troops driven back by the Bulgars into the capital. It will be difficult to keep these thousands from pillage. Indeed, Dr. Dillon, the correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph," says: "The scenes now being enacted in Constantinople rival those of Dante's 'Inferno.' Hunger, typhus, and cholera will kill a number roughly computed at a quarter of a million, despite the promptest and most efficacious aid. It is a satisfaction to report that the authorities are endeavoring to take the best possible sanitary measures, flooding the streets twice daily and issuing the most urgent warnings against mixing with the refugees, against eating uncooked fruit or drinking unboiled water." A Constantinople despatch says: "Already there are twenty-five thousand refugees in the city, and they continually are being added to by fugitives from all the devastated places in Thrace. Their misery and want are appalling, and demand a charitable effort which cannot be on too large a scale. A great many are camping in the open spaces of the city, and even in the cemeteries. They are to be found in isolated corners on the shores of the Bosphorus and in the woods, absolutely without the necessaries of life. They have no shelter and no fuel, and there is no milk for the innumerable babies. The hunger and privation they are suffering is indescribable. An epidemic of cholera, which threatens to spread to terrible proportions, renders speedy assistance all the more imperative." Our Ambassador, Mr. Rockhill, has cabled the State Department that there are fourteen thousand sick and wounded in the capital who are not prisoners of war. Seventeen cases of cholera he reports have been brought to the city by soldiers.

All this disaster has been mostly brought about by a nation which Turkey thought she had once conquered and by a people which Turkey has long ruled by rapine and massacre, that ancient Bulgarian people which came into the Bulgarian peninsula in the sixth century, seven centuries before the Turks came there (1358). As early as 976 the Bulgarian Czar, Shishman, was known as the "Emperor of the Slavs." Turkey may remember that this is not the first time that Bulgaria and Servia have been before the walls of Constantinople.

If the Bulgarian monarch enters Tsargrad —as the Bulgars call Constantinople—it should mark one of those turning-points in history like the Turkish capture of Constantinople; it should mark a new future for the city, just as Constantine's entry did and just as Mohammed's entry did.

What is to be the Constantinople of the future? Will it be occupied by the Bulgars? Will it remain Turkish? Or will the Powers step in and say to the Bulgars, "You may act as if you had taken Constantinople, but you must not actually come into the city because of the peril to the foreign residents"?

Whatever takes place, it is to be hoped, in the first place, that the control will be Christian and not Mohammedan. It is to be hoped that the Turk will have to step back into the Asia from which he came, and that his political and social system will return to the Orient from which it sprang. If the Turk is retiring to Asia, why should not Constantinople and the passage between the Ægean and the Black Seas be neutralized, just as Tangier opposite Gibraltar has been neutralized? Why should not Constantinople and the region immediately about it become a free city, just as Hamburg is a free city? Why should not its freedom be guaranteed by the Balkan confederacy or even by the Concert of Europe? A Balkan Constantinople might not be as pleasing to the Powers as would a European Constantinople, but it certainly would be more pleasing to them than would a purely Bulgarian Constantinople or a Greek Constantinople; while a Russian Constantinople or an Austrian Constantinople would seem to be out of the question. A late report indicates that Austria is ready to agree to the neutralization of Salonika. If so, how much readier ought she to be to agree to the neutralization of Constantinople?

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THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

IT has sometimes been said that popular government, while it raises the average of the people, tends to exalt mediocrity, and to shut out from the position of leadership the men of exceptional ability and training. As a consequence, so it has been asserted, the extension of democracy in place of monarchical or aristocratic forms of government will result in putting the ordinary man with ordinary training into places calling for the extraordinary man with special gifts and special education. It has been said, moreover, that people who enjoy the rights and privileges of self-government tend to undervalue the trained and talented mind. The recent election, however, affords ample evidence that a self-governing people welcomes the candidacy of exceptional men and recognizes the value of exceptional training for the public service.

The man whom the American people have selected to be their next President is a man of special gifts and of unusual education. During the past campaign the Democratic candidate was not infrequently spoken of as Doctor Wilson, and some of the members of his party objected to the use of this title, seeming to believe that it would be regarded by the American people as a term of reproach. Nothing could be further from the truth. The American people have shown by their system of public education that they believe profoundly in the value of education. They are proud when any of their public servants prove themselves to be scholarly. The fact that they have learned to value men for their intrinsic merits and are willing to put the rail-splitter Lincoln at the head of their Nation has not led them into the error of imagining that personal merit is enhanced by lack of scholarship. The fact that Woodrow Wilson is an eminent historian, a professor, and a college president is not the reason why he was elected, but it has been recognized as adding to his qualifications for the high office for which he has been chosen.

For years Woodrow Wilson has been a student of American history and of American institutions, and of his book on "Congressional Government" it has been said by as high an authority as Professor Ford, of Princeton University, that it has achieved a place in general literature beside Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire.'

The modern teacher, and especially the modern instructor of college classes, is not one who selects the facts to be given to his pupils and tells his pupils what to think. He is rather a guide, who shows his pupils how to find out the facts for themselves, and to form intelligently their own opinions. It is this kind of teaching that Dr. Wilson has advocated. He has been a strong believer in the value of scholarship and free inquiry. It has therefore not been a great change for him to move from the position of teacher to that of leader of public opinion. In many respects, in fact, one who has been a college president, as Dr. Wilson has been, has had special training for public life; for he has been trained in leading the discussion of public questions, and at the same time he has been trained in administrative work.

During the campaign his public speeches have had the characteristics that one might expect from this training. They have not partaken of the character of debate, and they have not told much of what he expects or hopes to do specifically as a public officer. They have, however, done a good deal to show his general attitude toward public questions and toward great governmental policies. Briefly stated, this attitude has been that of one who believes that the way to advance to better conditions is very largely by the restoration of conditions that once prevailed. As Professor Ford, who has already been referred to, says in an article in the "Review of Reviews:" "Instead of

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WOODROW WILSON

President-Elect

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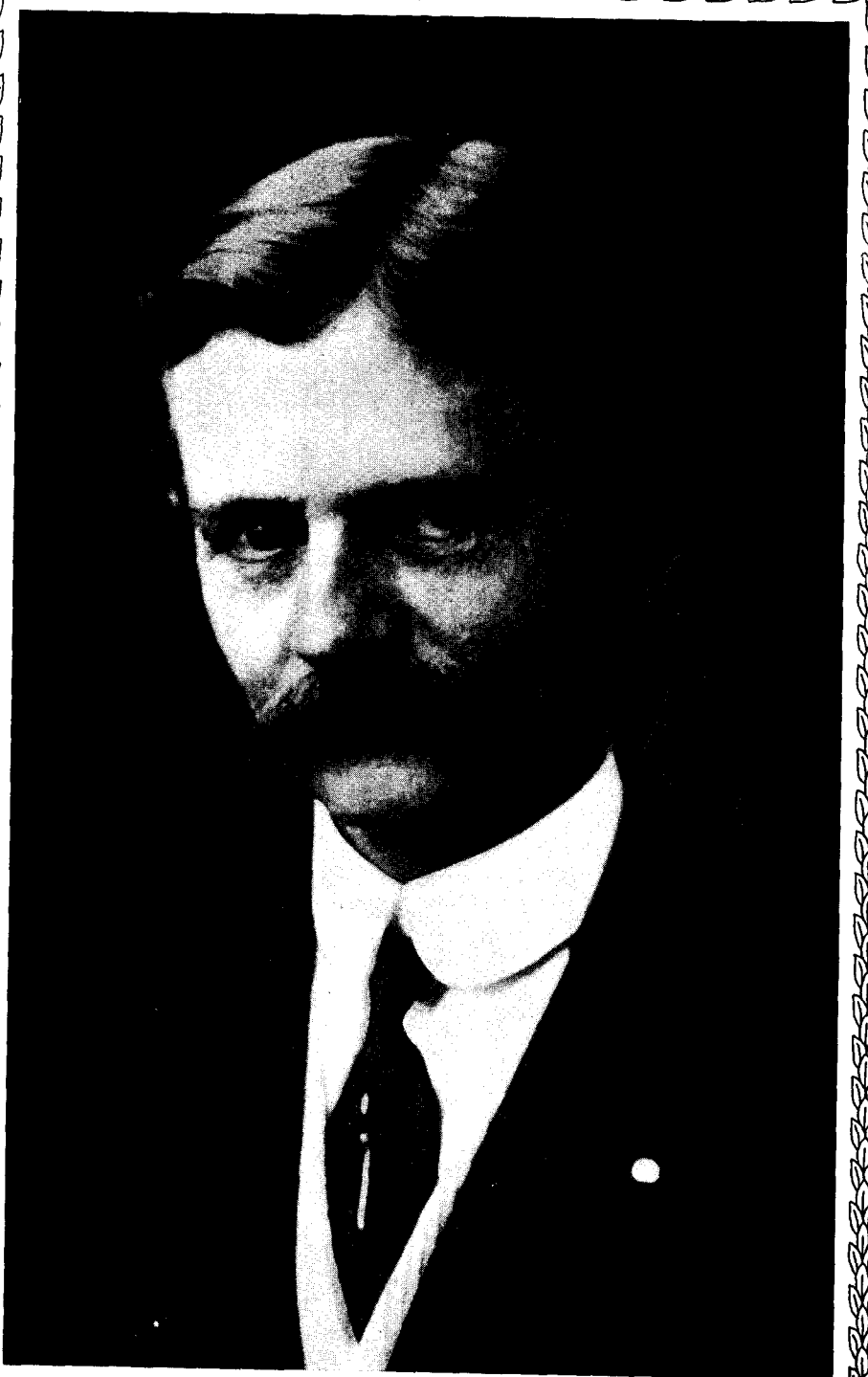

THOMAS R. MARSHALL
Vice-President-Elect

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holding that the Constitution needs to be changed with the times, Woodrow Wilson holds that the need of the times is to go back to the Constitution." The experience of the President-elect in public office is practically confined to two years as Governor of the State of New Jersey. During that time he has had the friendly co-operation of some of his political opponents in the Legislature, and thus has been able to secure the passage of legislation, recommended by his predecessor, which has brought credit upon that State. He has also been recognized as an opponent of one of the machine bosses in his own party. In this brief period he has thus had experience as an executive which will be of value to him in the Presidential chair.

Woodrow Wilson is the first Southerner to be elected to the Presidency since the Civil War. Though not a Southerner by residence, he is a Southerner by birth. He was born at Staunton, Virginia, on December 28, 1856. His father was the Rev. Joseph Ruggles Wilson, a Presbyterian clergyman. His family is of Scotch-Irish origin, and has been American for about a hundred years. His maternal as well as his paternal grandparents came to this country in the nineteenth century. With the exception of a brief time studying and practicing, he has been most of his time north of Mason and Dixon's line in college and university work—first at Johns Hopkins as a graduate student, then as professor at Bryn Mawr, Wesleyan, and Princeton. When Dr. Patton resigned as President of Princeton, Woodrow Wilson was chosen in his stead and remained President until he resigned to become Governor of New Jersey.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT

Indiana has long been considered one of the "pivotal" States. Indeed, it has been said that to be brought up in Indiana is equivalent to becoming a trained politician. The Democratic party this year has followed the usual custom in choosing its candidate for the Vice-Presidency from a section of the country not represented by the head of the ticket. Thomas Riley Marshall, the next Vice-President, will thus owe his office in part to political expediency. In part, however, he will owe it to his own record as Governor. He has made a reputation as the advocate of a set of measures which bear the stamp of progressive influence. Nevertheless, Mr. Marshall himself is of a distinctively conservative type. The following excerpt from his speech of acceptance illustrates his attitude towards American questions. He is speaking of three grades of citizens:

> The first grade is made up of the favored few, their hangers-on, and their beneficiaries, who think the eagle is upon the dollar, not as an emblem of liberty, but as an emblem of power. . . . The second grade consists of those whose outlook upon life has been enlarged by the civilization under which we live, who have been taught by the school and the college, by the press and the magazine, who appreciate the good things of life. . . .
>
> The third grade of citizens it pleases me to call old-fashioned, Constitutional Democrats. These are they who believe that the equality of mankind does not consist in an equality of brain and brawn, but in an equality whereby every man, native and foreign-born, has an inalienable right to exercise all of his ability in getting on in the world just so he realizes that in getting on he owes it to himself, to his family, and to the Republic to see to it that he gets on honestly, and that he does not prevent any other man from obtaining the reward of his honesty and enterprise.

Mr. Marshall's belief in the maintenance of traditional political institutions, coupled with his experience with a Legislature that has passed progressive laws, has led people to call him "a Progressive with the brake set." His speeches have been marked with homely and even colloquial phrases. Mr. Marshall is a native of Indiana, and is fifty-eight years of age.

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THE GOLDEN RULE TRUST

BY HERBERT G. STOCKWELL

A MANUFACTURER, one of four whose sales added together aggregate about three-fifths of all of the business in that line, went to his lawyer and said:

"My principal competition here in New York comes from a Chicago concern whose salesmen are taking orders right at my own door for goods at a price less than it costs us to produce them, while we are returning the compliment to them in Chicago. Is there no way by which we can stop this ruinous competition?"

The lawyer could think of no plan which, under the present conditions, he could advise as lawful, except the complete amalgamation through outright purchase by one or all of the other plants. Objection was immediately raised to this plan because it involved the necessary loss of the individuality of each separate plant.

"Any other form of consolidation might be attacked by the Government. You cannot combine to restrain trade—that might constitute conspiracy," said the lawyer.

"But," he added, "*I don't see why you cannot restrain your own trade to profitable territory.*"

"Yes, I could do that; but my Chicago rival would then drive me out of business. If I withdrew from his territory, he would at once get better prices there, and he would continue to prevent me from getting better prices in New York. I would be ruined if I did not respond aggressively to his tactics."

My readers who are engaged in business of National importance know that this remark could be made by hundreds of men who are in similar positions.

In the current report of the Chief of the Department of Mines of Pennsylvania appears the following: "It is a fact beyond dispute that there is a tremendous waste of investment in coal-mining property, and that the business will never be profitable or safe as it should be until some way is found to curtail the production;" and the report goes on to predict that until the business is organized on a reasonable basis the operators will "continue to indulge in a cutthroat war fare."

TOO EXTENSIVE BUSINESS GRABBING UNPROFITABLE

That is the condition which exists in many lines of business. Trade is being gobbled everywhere, with small profit to all unless a complete dominance of the business is created. But when the control is effected through combination the danger arises that its lines may run counter to law.

What can be done about it? Are we really in such a precarious condition that we cannot move for fear of violating the law?

A stock broker exclaimed to a friend: "What are we coming to? We don't know who it is safe to do business with. The Government ought to do one thing or the other: either let us alone or give us a list of the honest corporations and the dishonest ones."

When storm arises and the ship is being tossed about, the first thought of the mariner impels him to take his bearings.

An honest man is the same to-day as yesterday, and a thief is just as much of an outlaw as though no statutes had been recently placed upon our books.

We know whether our acts are honest because basic law is founded upon commands which in childhood were sunk deep in our hearts.

The law has not changed in this respect, although with growing business more and more liberal interpretations have been framed by our courts until we come to feel that we can do anything honestly that may be argued by our lawyers as legal.

When the conscience is aroused at some palpable overstepping of the bounds and the offenders are brought to account, we all utter cries of distress at our mystification of the law, forgetting that the basic principles have not changed since "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

COMMON KNOWLEDGE OF RIGHT AND WRONG

In the pursuance of our ordinary business affairs we need no written instruction as to whether any given act is right or wrong.

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Most men, in the beginning, conduct their growing business with due regard to the rights of others; but when the ambition to become "National distributers" seizes us we enter into fields unknown. Our former trade charts are now useless. We grab at business here, there, everywhere—without due regard to the cost of obtaining it, or the concessions which must be made to wrest it from those more favorably situated.

We thus, by gradual steps, descend into methods which, if carefully explained to us at the outset, would have appeared so contrary to our conceptions of common sense and right conduct that we would have shrunk from entrance upon the programme.

Once in the midst of the game, the excitement blinds our eyes to anything other than the goal of large business, which we obtain as best we can under the prevailing rules. We find ourselves at a point sooner or later in which we seek legal advice for the purpose of ascertaining how near we can steer our course to the line beyond which it would be dangerous to go.

Is it necessary for us to be known as "National distributers" before we can extract complete satisfaction from business? Must we leave the safe, profitable, and useful local life for the uncertainties of the world-wide struggle?

A TRUST OFFICIAL SUGGESTS THE GOLDEN RULE

In a small gathering of a few of the largest manufacturers in the world, in Europe last spring, the chairman of one of the meetings uttered a remark to the effect that the most successful way of doing business on a large scale consists in the observance by competitors of the Golden Rule.

The first flashes of our mental cameras obtain from this scene little more than caricatures. It seems broadly humorous to hear a man of such wealth and prominence, one who has succeeded in forging his way to the front rank of business generals, say to an assembly of his successful associates that each should think and act towards his rivals, under every circumstance, in exactly the same manner as he would like the others to think and act toward him.

But let us step over there and snap the shutter again from another view-point. We have now a picture taken in a different light. All of the comic has disappeared, and we see the minds of these princes of trade and commerce seriously groping for some way by which they may rescue business from its present insufficiently profitable turmoils.

All too meager are the details of the idea of him whose tongue launched it forth. But let us see if we cannot fathom the depth of its heart and brain, crediting his utterance with sincerity, and bring to light a working plan for the remodeling of the larger business enterprises.

A NEW KIND OF TRUST

As the most convenient form for the accomplishment of our problem, we will assume the creation of trusts, each one composed of all manufacturers producing similar articles, a "Golden Rule Trust" for coal, another for steel, another for flour, all commerce being conducted under the supervision of trusts. The by-laws of each trust will provide that every member must carefully take account of the condition of his business, with special regard to its location and the geographical territory in which reasonably profitable business may be secured by fair means, beyond which zone he would, to secure business, be compelled to adopt ways and means in violation of the principles of the Golden Rule.

Instead of snatching business from our associates, like small children with their toys, each member would seek just as much business as he could properly and profitably handle, and no more. Would this constitute good business?

Instead of reaching out for unprofitable business, we could then devote our energies to increasing the demand for our product in our own territory. We may find many places in which the trade has not been properly attended. Then there are many new ways of using old products, and new demands are springing up constantly. Would this be good business?

We all know how easy it is to fall from the sublime into the ridiculous. Some incident, insignificant in itself, transforms our expressed attempt toward the ideal into low comedy. Popular idols, seemingly secure on their pedestals of public favor, may be toppled over by one false move or by the trivial exhibition of some personal idiosyncrasy. It seems strange that the sublime and the fame of heroes may be ruined by the insertion of

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one poisoned drop in the otherwise sweet compound.

CONSPIRACY TO REFRAIN FROM CUTTHROAT METHODS NOT ILLEGAL

But let us accept the Golden Rule idea at face value.

If a group of manufacturers assembled together and entered into agreements to maintain prices and restrain trade, such agreement would constitute, in the eyes of the law, conspiracy against the public good.

Suppose, now, that the members of the same group of competitors should each impose upon himself the same restrictions, *with different motives*. What a different result would be produced! It is no violation of law for a manufacturer to resolve that he will cease doing unprofitable business and will henceforth confine his business to the zone in which he feels competent to supply the wants of the people living in that zone who will pay him a reasonable price for his goods. If his competitor follows the same course of reasoning, or the same motives, at once there is established the practical results aimed at by all trusts organized in violation of law.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "GOOD" AND "BAD" TRUSTS IN THE MOTIVE

In other words, the Golden Rule Trust produces better business for each of its members through the operation of the Golden Rule than can possibly be obtained by seizure through the form of unlawful and immoral trusts. The difference between a Golden Rule Trust and an unlawful trust is not greater than the difference between many good acts and bad acts, it being possible to perform the same set of acts from different motives and produce widely different results.

If a manufacturer, instead of consuming vast energies in trying to wrest from his competitors a share of their natural business or trying to defend his business from such wresting by plots and counter-plots, would devote his time to the development of new and useful varieties of his product and to the opening of new markets in his own natural distributing territory, he would find greater satisfaction in the result of the year's business.

I know several men at the head of large enterprises who would be glad to adopt such methods if their competitors could be persuaded to do so at the same time.

It must not be supposed that members of the Golden Rule Trust are to be arbitrarily and permanently confined to any geographical territory. The better knowledge a man obtains of his business and his customers, the more carefully he manages his business. With smaller volume and larger profits, he could devote more time to bettering the business condition of his plant, his employees, and his customers. By gradually increasing the quality of his product and lowering the cost of production, the business would naturally expand into enlarging territories, but only in a healthy way.

"MINIMUM PRICE" REMEDY

A business friend suggested to me that we shall never have industrial peace and prosperity until our Government should step in and fix a minimum price on every article of commerce. He explained further:

"If the law should declare that no sales should be made at a price lower than the standard set, competition would not be restrained, because it would be a question of how near the bottom price a manufacturer could go. The great advantage which would accrue to all would be that with a minimum price we should all be protected from those men who, not knowing anything about what their goods cost them to manufacture, sell for any price that will bring them the business."

Under present conditions, it cannot well be imagined that our Government could or would undertake the colossal task, even if it were found to be within its proper purview; but I see no reason why each manufacturer should not carefully ascertain the cost of his product and refuse to sell goods, in any event, below cost.

Many of our business troubles would undoubtedly be wiped away if we were to refrain from operating our factories at a loss. It would be better for manufacturers who are so doing to acknowledge manfully their inability to manufacture goods and sell them at market prices with profit, take the loss that would result from a sale of the business, and go into some other field.

"What! Go out of business? Absurd!" I hear some say. Would you think it wise or foolish for a doctor who could not gain a living to try something else? You would commend his good sense in abandoning the

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occupation for one for which he was better fitted.

In taking this step, those who are operating wholly or partly upon borrowed capital in any form would but place themselves in a class of honest men who refuse to dissipate the money of others in the losses of the business.

While there is much that is fanciful in the idea of a trust based upon the Golden Rule, I see a great deal of cold common sense in the idea that the practice of ordinary honesty by manufacturers to themselves, their creditors and customers, would bring us all out of darkness by a shorter route, and that normal business conditions will thus be more quickly restored than can be accomplished through any other instrumentalities.

THE CALL

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

Help lighten the load!
Humanity stumbles ahead on its road,
Urged on o'er the deserts, beset by the goad;
Men bend under burdens of hunger and care
And women must suffer and toil and despair;
Yea, even the children, astray in the strife,
Are bowed by the weight till they weary of life.
Hark! unto each soul that is hero, not slave,
How clear sounds the call to arise and be brave,
Help lighten the load!

Help lighten the load!
With all of the strength that the heart can command,
With all of the power of brain and of hand,
With wills set to sacrifice, struggle, and dare,
With love that seeks ever each burden to share,
With unflagging endeavor that stops not to ask
The length of the journey, the cost of the task,
Come, sons of the kingdom! Come, children of God!
And along the dark path by the world's anguish trod
Help lighten the load!

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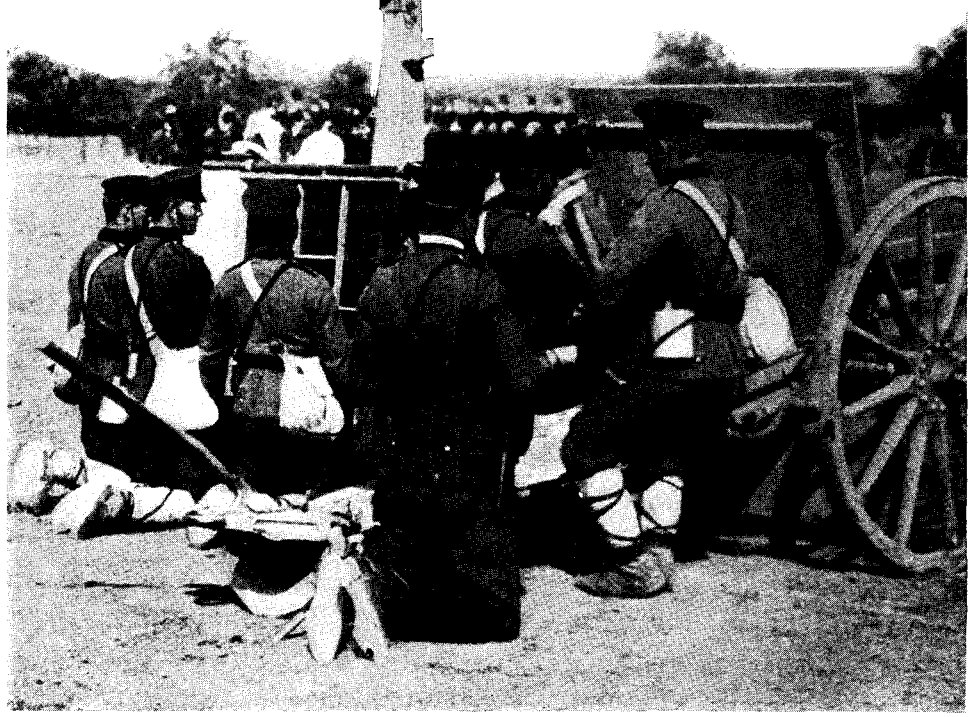
The WAR OF FIVE NATIONS

BY
STEPHEN
VAN RENSSELAER
TROWBRIDGE



BULGARIAN ARTILLERY OFFICER WATCHING THE RESULT OF EACH SHOT

IN the struggle which has been going on for the control of European Turkey my sympathies are not altogether with the Serbs and Bulgarians. Some of my classmates from school days in Constantinople are now captains and majors in the Bulgarian army. But I have many personal friends among the officers of the Turkish cavalry and artillery, and I know their ability and manliness. The fact remains, however, that the misgovernment of the Turks, especially during the past thirty-four years, has gone beyond endurance. The Slavic peoples of the Balkan Mountains have risen up in their indignation and the shock of battle has already startled Europe.

I can imagine the intense excitement which prevails these days in Robert College in Constantinople, where Turks, Russians, Greeks, and Bulgarians meet in the same class-room and upon the same athletic field. Even in the uneventful years there was a suppressed excitement, a profoundly strong racial and religious animosity, among the students. I can

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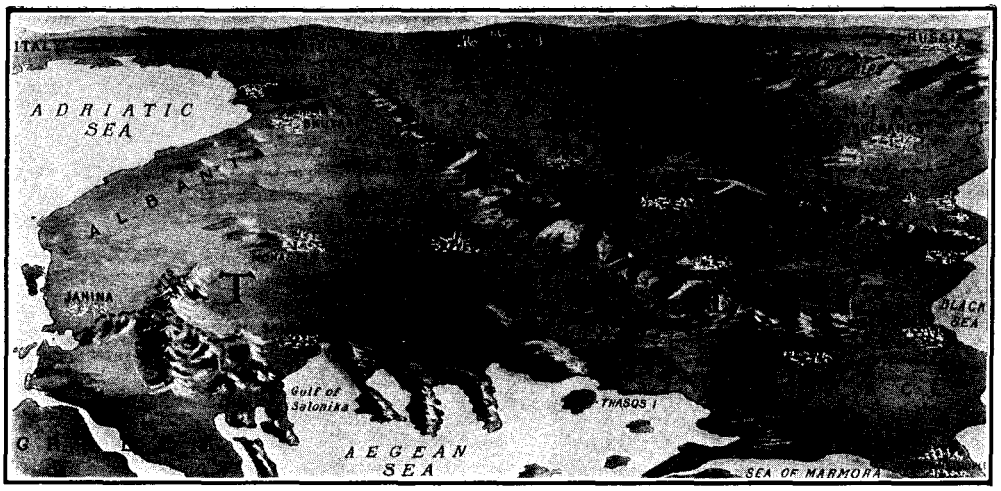

MAP OF THE BALKAN STATES

remember very well how, when the Turkish Government was sending four transports full of troops to defend the frontier in the Caucasus, the Slavic students secretly made an enormous Russian flag, and just as the transports were passing up the Bosphorus in front of the College this immense Russian flag was unfurled from the roof of the building and flaunted in their faces. A Turkish general arrived upon the scene within a few hours, and the President had to apologize for the reckless behavior of the students.

Certainly the reconquest of those beautiful mountain provinces for Christian control appeals to the sentiment and chivalry of Christendom. Five centuries have passed since the allied armies of the Bosnians, Serbs, and Magyars met the advancing hosts of Turks upon the fatal field of Kosovo. The battle raged from dawn till evening, and at length the Turks prevailed. They were led in one final, furious attack by Bayezid, the Sultan's son, who rode into the midst of the enemy brandishing a mighty iron mace. This defeat broke the back of Servian freedom and left the Mohammedans the masters of the land. The Christian nations of Europe sought to retrieve the loss by joining in a great crusade. But the stout squires of France under the gallant Count of Nevers, the flower of German chivalry, and the knights of Hungary suffered an overwhelming defeat, in which thousands were slain and over ten thousand taken prisoners. Somewhat more than a century later, in 1529, the Ottoman armies under Suleiman the Magnificent swept to the gates of Vienna, humiliating bishops and princes alike, as town after town capitulated. But Vienna itself endured the desperate siege, and at last heavy storms so hindered and discouraged the Turkish troops that the order to retreat was given. The bells from St. Stephen's tower rang in joyful chimes, and the vast congregation which had assembled in the cathedral joined in the solemn strains of the "Te Deum."

This repulse which the Turkish armies met at Vienna may be said to have been the first turn of the tide. Gradually the nations of Europe began to assert themselves, and Turkish prowess turned to luxury and self-indulgence. At last, in 1877, Russia boldly invaded the Balkan provinces and captured Plevna, the strategic point in the campaign, after a memorable siege, in which Osman Pasha with an army of forty-three thousand Turks bravely held at bay for five months the Russian army of three times that number. From Plevna the Russians advanced upon Adrianople and pressed on in the storms of winter to the very walls of Constantinople. This rapid and effective invasion resulted in the Treaty of San Stefano and its revision by the Powers at Berlin, recognizing the independence of Rumania, Servia, and Montenegro, granting autonomy to Bulgaria, and ceding the Caucasus to Russia. Since then the Balkan situation has not essentially changed, except that Bulgaria has asserted and secured her independence of Turkey, and has been recognized by the great Powers.

A remarkable crisis has now developed as the result of the oppression and extortion under Abdul Hamid and the recent failure of the Committee of Union and Progress. Four Christian nations, Montenegro, Bul-

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NICHOLAS
King of Montenegro

PETER
King of Servia

MEHMED V
Sultan of Turkey

GEORGE
King of Greece

FERDINAND
King of Bulgaria

FOUR KINGS AND A SULTAN

garia, Servia, and Greece, simultaneously demanded of the Porte autonomy for the Macedonian provinces. They included in this ultimatum certain civil reforms, long promised but never fulfilled, and the appointment of a Christian governor for that entire district. The Porte's refusal to comply with these peremptory demands has resulted in the declaration of war by the four Christian states, and the Turks have accepted the challenge in a defiant and desperate mood. Five nations are at war, three kings are at the front, and more than a million men in arms! The Turkish reserves who have been ordered to the front from the Asiatic provinces declare that they will take no prisoners of war, which is a grim way of saying that they will give no quarter.

The war will probably be a short one, because winter is coming on, and winter in the Balkan is like winter in the Canadian Rockies. Another reason which may cut short the war is the financial pressure. These nations have no reserve wealth. Turkey and Greece, in particular, are on the verge of bankruptcy. But the war will surely be a desperate and bloody one. The hatreds and feuds of centuries have accumulated, and there are four

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frontiers where fighting has commenced. The fanaticism of the Turk is matched against the rekindled fire of the Crusades.

The Serbs and Bulgarians entered the Balkan country, south of the Danube, in two separate migrations during the seventh century. The Serbs are distinctly a Slavic race, akin to the Russians, while the Bulgarians are probably of Tartar origin. The Bulgarians have taken into their language and literature much that is Russian, and their ancestral home was on the banks of the river Volga. These two nations were overwhelmed by the advance of the Turks in the fourteenth century, and from that time on to 1878 they suffered from Moslem arrogance and extortion. Then, with the golden opportunity of the Russian invasion, they made their bold stroke for liberty, and their patriotism to-day is most intense. Under their own constitutional governments these states have enjoyed prosperity and progress.

But what of the little kingdom of Montenegro, which precipitated the war? Many Americans did not even know of its existence until two weeks ago. And yet that little nation of mountaineers has had a most romantic history. It is the one nation in the Balkan peninsula which has maintained its independence against the Turks throughout five centuries! Mr. Gladstone, speaking in 1895, gave them this glowing tribute of his admiration:

"In my deliberate opinion, the traditions of Montenegro, now committed to his Highness Prince Nicholas as a sacred trust, exceed in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylæ and *all the war traditions of the world.*" Indeed, the passes of Montenegro, the "Black Mountain," have been a Thermopylæ westward of which the Turks have never ventured. The Venetian Republic was repeatedly saved from Moslem invasion by the reckless courage of those mountaineers. Perhaps you remember Lord Tennyson's lines:

"They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,

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MONTENEGRIN MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY IN ACTION JUST OUTSIDE OF BERANE, WORKING RAPID-FIRE MACHINE GUNS

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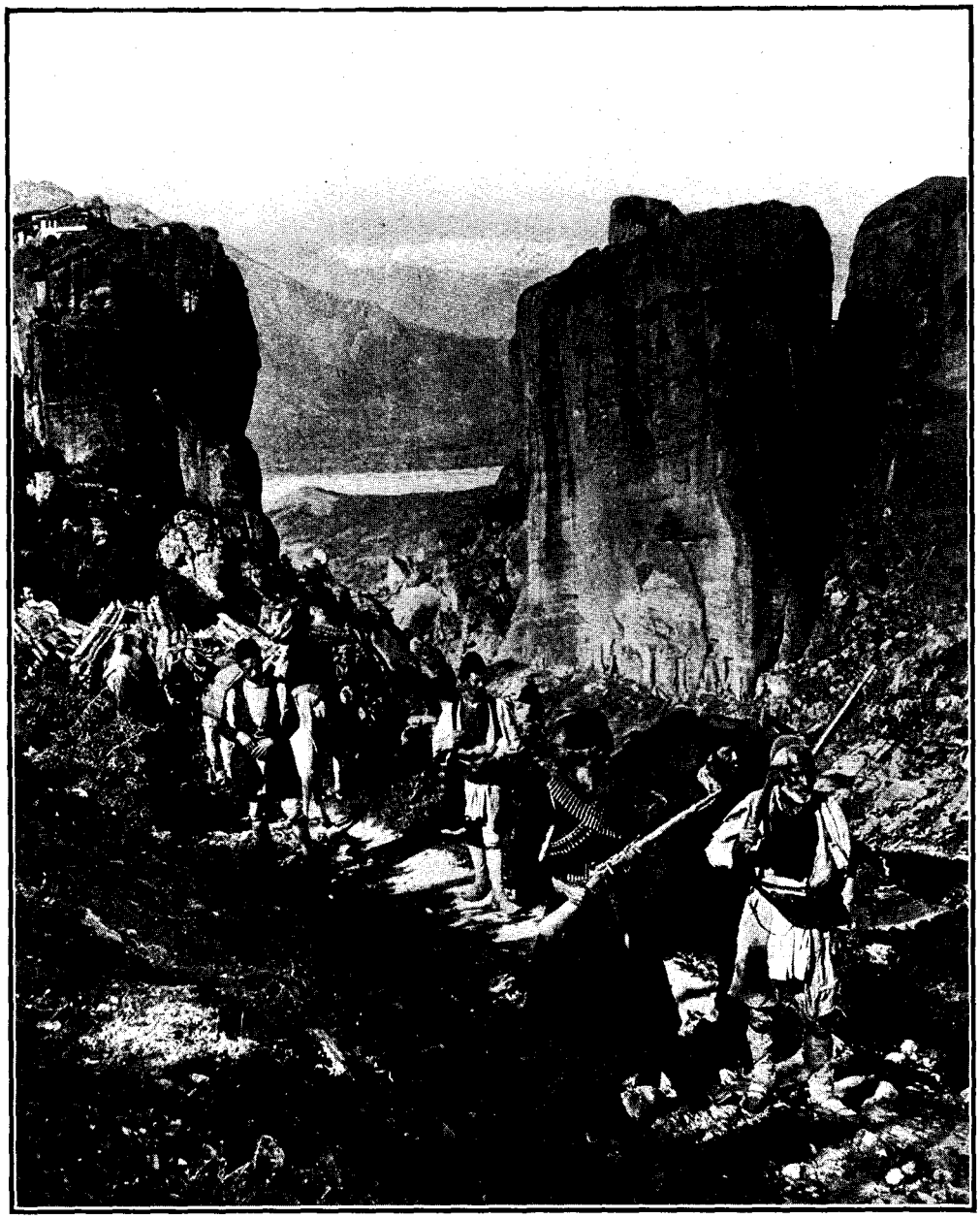

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ON THE GREEK BORDER

Chaste, frugal, savage, armed by day and night
Against the Turk, whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes. . . .
O smallest among peoples, rough rock-throne
Of freedom! Warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernagora! never, since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and broke the storm,
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

The origin of the Montenegrin state is of itself a dramatic story. When the combined armies of the Balkan princes were defeated by the Turks on the field of Kosovo in 1389, some of the Servian nobles, rather than suffer the humiliation of paying homage to the Turks, took refuge in the fastnesses of the Black Mountain and dared the enemy to scale the heights. What Zeitun has been to

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CONSTANTINE, CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE, AND HIS SOLDIERS

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the Armenians, what the fastnesses of the eastern Alps have been to the Tyrolese, the heights of Montenegro have been to the Slavonic outlaw chiefs. When Mohammed II, the conqueror of Constantinople, advanced against Montenegro, he was met by Stephen, "the Black Prince," was routed in a narrow defile, and forced to beat an ignominious retreat into Macedonia. In 1623 Suleiman Pasha advanced from Scutari with 80,000 Moslem warriors at his back, with the determination of finally annexing Montenegro. The capital was taken, the monastery was sacked, and a tribute was imposed upon the people. But nature was once more on the side of the mountaineers. The Pasha soon realized the truth that in such a wild and rugged place "a small army is beaten *and a large one dies of hunger.*" The bare rocks afforded no subsistence to his host, and he was forced to retreat.

ALEXANDER
Crown Prince of Servia

Nor have the Montenegrins devoted themselves exclusively to war. In 1493, only twenty-three years after Caxton set up his press at Westminster, Prince George established in the fortress of Obod the first printing-press of eastern Europe. Type of extreme beauty was obtained from abroad, and the first volumes ever printed in Cyrillic characters were issued from the Montenegrin press. Portions of that ancient press, broken by the Turks in a fierce assault, may still be seen in the churchyard at Obod.

Small wonder, then, that the Montenegrins have once more taken the field against the Turks. The city of Scutari, in Turkish territory, has been captured after a series of fierce encounters. The allies have pressed forward the invasion with energy and rapidity. The Bulgarian army in particular has shown dauntless courage and good military tactics. Salonica in the south and Adrianople in the east are the strategic centers of the war.

DANILO
Crown Prince of Montenegro

But what will be done by the great Powers of Europe? Have not Austria and Russia been watching with covetous eyes for half a century the fertile plains of Macedonia? Are they going to permit these upstart nations to capture so large a prize? These are the questions that are stirring Berlin and Vienna and St. Petersburg to-day. For beyond Macedonia there is the greatest prize of all—the fair and commodious harbor of Constantinople, the straits of the Bosphorus, and the command of the future highway to India. I think there is no better way of describing this situation than by a quaint Oriental parable:

There was once upon a time a beautiful silken carpet of many colors and of glossy sheen stretched to view upon the floor. Around the border were gathered merchants from many nations—the Russian, the Englishman, the German, the Italian, and many others. They admired the texture and estimated the value of the antique rug, but all the while their eyes were fixed upon a flashing diamond which had been cast upon the rug at the very center. There seemed to be an unwritten agreement among the merchants that no one should step on the rug, but that if any could reach the gem without trespass and without too much commotion he would be entitled to possess it. For a long time they wandered around the border, casting long-

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TURKISH INFANTRY GOING TO THE FRONT

ing glances, but hiding their ambition beneath expressions of courtesy. Finally the idea occurred to the tall merchant wearing the astrakhan cap of the north to commence rolling up the edge of the rug nearest him, and so to come nearer the center without "trespass." This he commenced to do, at first furtively and then with greater vigor. Soon the other merchants began to roll up their corners, until now it is only a question which will reach the diamond first.

This is the tangle of European politics and the all-absorbing question of the Near East which the Balkan war has now thrown into vivid outline.

But it is a mistake to suppose that this is altogether a war of territorial aggrandizement planned by the unruly and restless Balkan governments to gratify their peoples' ambitions. It is a war for the emancipation of the Christian population of European Turkey. The greater part of the six million inhabitants of Macedonia are of Servian, Bulgarian, and Greek stock. The Turks are the military and agricultural overlords. And during five centuries the miserable population of that peninsula has been exploited for the support of the Ottoman régime. During the thirty-two cruel years of Abdul Hamid's tyranny that Christian population suffered unspeakable indignities. They were taxed twenty-five per cent of their produce; they were compelled to give up their daughters for the Turkish harems; they were repressed from any attempts at education; they were forbidden to read any books or papers; they were imprisoned in the vilest dungeons; they were fleeced and harried and crushed, until the wonder is that they have survived.

Contrasted with the bitterness of this oppression, the commercial prosperity and good order of free Bulgaria, directly across the border, was too much to be borne. Especially the recent outrages upon certain Bulgarian villages aroused intense feeling on both sides of the Balkan range. The conflict could no longer be averted.

For a time the Young Turk revolution had filled all with a momentary enthusiasm, and racial hatreds subsided. It seemed as though even religious freedom might be granted. But the Young Turk régime proved to be a military oligarchy bent upon governing "Turkey for the Turks." It is true they achieved certain great results. Liberty of travel, the freedom of the press, and certain military reforms were established and guaranteed by the new constitutional government.

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But back of the Cabinet and House of Deputies there was the "invisible government" (to use Senator Beveridge's phrase) sitting in secret in Salonica and dictating absolute orders at its own caprice. During the disastrous war with Italy the Committee of Union and Progress lost prestige and finally broke down. This was the opportune moment for a coalition of the Balkan states. And they were not asleep. But the remarkable thing is that those states have reached a working agreement. Only a supreme common purpose, "to drive the Turks, bag and baggage, out of Europe," can account for the alliance which has been made.

I have said that the master motive in this war is the emancipation of the Christian peoples of European Turkey. This makes it virtually a religious war. And it is so regarded not only by the Turks, but by the Montenegrins and their allies. The flags of six Bulgarian regiments were blessed by the bishops of the national Church in the presence of a vast gathering. Before making his entry into Berana the Montenegrin general held a solemn religious service in celebration of the victory. A special service was held in the cathedral of Sofia, at which the Archbishop invoked God's blessing on the Holy War. Similar services have been held in the churches throughout the country. Meanwhile the Sultan has gone to the Top Kapou Palace to pray, over the relics of the Prophet treasured there, for the success of the Ottoman arms. The Mussulman Bulgars have crossed the frontier and are sacking the Christian villages of Bulgaria, slaying as they go. The ties of a common ancestry and a common language are not sufficient to restrain the impulse of Mohammedan hatred. A still clearer piece of evidence is the part which the Albanians are taking in the war. The Albanians are naturally the political enemies of the Turks. Their insurrection has but recently been suppressed. They were grievously harassed by the Hamidian régime, and still more by the rigorous policy of the Young Turks. Their own language was denied them in their schools, and they were not permitted to elect any officials of their own race. Politically they had every reason to turn against the Turks. But they have rushed to the front, waving the green standards of Mohammed, and falling upon the Montenegrins with terrific effect. They are fighting in the faith of Allah, and their

A COMPANY OF BULGARIAN INFANTRY

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mullahs chant the Koran as the regiments march to battle. In Ourfa in 1895 a *mullah* read from the Koran while the Armenian victims were bound hand and foot and were done to death in the market-place. In the city of Adana, in 1909, one of the leaders in the attack was a doctor of the Mohammedan law, who carried an old-fashioned battle-ax and chanted from the Holy Koran as he hastened through the streets. Let me quote a few passages from Rodwell's translation of the Koran, from the "Chapter of the Spoils:"

"Fight, then, against the unbelievers till strife be at an end, and the religion be all of it God's."

"Believers! when ye confront a troop, stand firm and make frequent mention of the name of God, that it may fare well with you. Obey God and his Apostle."

"Make ready, then, against them what force ye can, and strong squadrons whereby ye may strike terror into the enemy of God and your enemy."

"O prophet! stir up the faithful to the fight. Twenty of you who stand firm shall vanquish two hundred; and if there be a hundred of you they shall vanquish a thousand of the infidels, for they are a people devoid of understanding."

"No prophet hath been enabled to take captives until he had made great slaughter in the earth."

And from the forty-seventh Surah, the chapter on Mohammed

"But whoso believe and do things that are right, and believe in what hath been sent down to *Mohammed*—their sins will He cancel and dispose their hearts aright."

"When ye encounter the infidels, strike off their heads till ye have made a great slaughter among them, and of the rest make fast the fetters!"

With such an iron creed as this, do you wonder at Mohammedan fanaticism?

And there is another influence which has had its powerful effect in producing this religious antagonism. Back of the prejudice of to-day, back of the hatreds which hinder the work of the missionary, back of the feeling which refuses the Red Cross and creates the Red Crescent, *there is the period of the Crusades!* Oh, the pity of it! The Moslems have never forgotten the Crusades.

We glorify the Crusades and read into them all the chivalry and romance of sacred legend. We think of Peter the Hermit's fervor and Godfrey's prowess, and we glow with enthusiasm as we read the story of Bernard of Clairvaux. But what were the Crusades, after all? Were they not a bloody and relentless war? Did not King Richard permit outrages upon his Saracen prisoners? And was not Saladin a nobler man than Richard? If the Crusades could only be wiped out of history, the evangelization of the Mohammedan world would be far more readily accomplished. How can we speak to the Mohammedans about tolerance and peace and love, when they can turn at any moment and cite St. Bartholomew's Night and the Spanish Inquisition, the torture of the Jews in Russia to-day, and the iniquities of the Crusades which were done in the name of Christ? I think the reader must begin to feel what a difficult task the missionary to the Mohammedans has upon his hands. And have we not great reason to thank God that, in spite of these handicaps, in northern India and Java and Sumatra thousands upon thousands of Moslems have recently turned to Christ, and even in the troubled land of Turkey many secret believers have found the joy that is in him? This may seem far from the Balkan situation. But it is all one great problem for Christendom to solve.

America's clear opportunity is in taking the lead in the Red Cross work. The impetus of this world-wide and humane movement has come from America. The Red Cross of Christ was vainly carried amid the spears and lances of Richard's knights, but it shall be taken in loving ministry by American nurses and doctors and missionaries to Slav and Turk who lie stricken on the battlefield.

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Life Stories of the Other Half

BY JACOB A. RIIS

AUTHOR OF "HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES"

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW BENDA

These stories have come to me from many sources—some from my own experience, others from settlement workers, still others from the records of organized charity, that are never dry, as some think, but alive with vital human interest and with the faithful striving to help the brother so that it counts. They have this in common, that they are true. For good reasons, names and places are changed, but they all happened as told here. I could not have invented them had I tried; I should not have tried if I could. For it is as pictures from the life in which they and we, you and I, are partners, that I wish them to make their appeal to the neighbor who lives but around the corner and does not know it.

JACOB A. RIIS

WHERE HE FOUND HIS NEIGHBOR

"GO quickly, please, to No. — East Eleventh Street, near the river," was the burden of a message received one day in the Charities Building; "a Hungarian family is in trouble." The little word that covers the widest range in the language gives marching orders daily to many busy feet thereabouts, and, before the October sun had set, a visitor from the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor had climbed to the fourth floor of the tenement and found the Josefy family. This was what she discovered there: a man in the last stages of consumption, a woman within two weeks of her confinement, five hungry children, a landlord clamoring for his rent. The man had long ceased to earn the family living. His wife, taking up that burden with the rest, had worked on cloaks for a sweater until she also had to give up. In fact, the work gave out just as their need was greatest. Now, with the new baby coming, no preparation had been made to receive it. For those already there, there was no food in the house.

They had once been well off. Josefy was a tailor, and had employed nearly a score of hands in the busy season. He paid forty-four dollars a month rent then. That day the landlord had threatened to dispossess them for one month's arrears of seven dollars, and only because of the rain had given them a day's grace. All the money saved up in better days had gone to pay doctor and druggist, without making Josefy any better. His wife listened dismally to the recital of their troubles and asked for work—any light work that she could do.

The rent was paid, and the baby came. They were eight then, subsisting, as the society's records show, in January on the earnings of Mrs. Josefy making ladies' blouse sleeves at twenty-five cents a dozen pairs, in February on the receipts of embroidering initials on napkins at fifteen cents apiece, in March on her labors in a downtown house on sample cloaks. Three dollars a week was her wage there. To save car-fare she walked to her work and back, a good two miles each way, getting up at 3 A.M. to do her home washing and cleaning first. In bad weather they were poorer by ten cents a day, because then she had to ride. The neighbors were kind; the baker left them bread twice a week and the butcher gave them a little meat now and then. The father's hemorrhages were more frequent. When, on a slippery day, one of the children, going for milk, fell in the street and spilled it, he went without his only food, as they had but eight cents in the house. In May came the end. The tailor died, and in the house of mourning there was one care less, one less to feed and clothe. The widow gathered her flock close and faced the future dry-eyed. The luxury of grief is not for those at close grips with stern poverty.

When word reached far-off Hungary, Mrs.

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Josefy's sister wrote to her to come back; she would send the money. The widow's friends rejoiced, but she shook her head. To face poverty as bitter there? This was her children's country; it should be hers too. At the Consulate they reasoned with her; the chance was too good to let pass. When she persisted, they told her to put the children in a home, then; she could never make her way with so many. No doubt they considered her an ungrateful person when she flatly refused to do either. It is not in the record that she ever darkened the door of the Consulate again.

The charitable committee had no better success. They offered her passage money, and she refused it. "She is always looking for work," writes the visitor in the register, for once in her life a little resentfully, it would almost seem. When finally tickets came at the end of a year, Victor, the oldest boy, must finish his schooling first. Exasperated, the committee issues its ultimatum: she must go, or put the children away. Dry bread was the family fare when Mrs. Josefy was confronted with it, but she met it as firmly: Never! she would stay and do the best she could.

The record which I have followed states here that the committee dropped her, but stood by to watch the struggle, half shamefacedly one cannot help thinking, though they had given the best advice they knew. Six months later the widow reports that "the children had never wanted something to eat."

At this time Victor is offered a job, two dollars and a half a week, with a chance of advancement. The mother goes out housecleaning. Together they live on bread and coffee to save money for the rent, but she refuses the proffered relief. Victor is in the graduating class; he must finish his schooling. Just then her sewing-machine is seized for debt. The committee, retreating in a huff after a fresh defeat over the emigration question, hastens to the rescue, glad of a chance, and it is restored. In sheer admiration at her pluck they put it down that "she is doing the best she can to keep her family together." There is a curious little entry here that sizes up the children. They had sent them to Coney Island on a vacation, but at night they were back home. "No one spoke to them there," is their explanation. They had their mother's pride.

It happened in the last month of that year that I went out to speak in a suburban New Jersey town. "Neighbors" was my topic. I was the guest of the secretary of a Foreign Mission Board that has its office in the Presbyterian Building on Fifth Avenue. That night when we sat at dinner the talk ran on the modern methods of organized charity. "Yes," said my host, as his eyes rested on the quiverful seated around the board, "it is all good. But best of all would be if you could find for me a widow, say, with children like my own, whom my wife could help in her own way, and the children learn to take an interest in. I have no chance, as you know. The office claims all my time. But they—that would be best of all, for them and for us."

And he was right; that would be charity in the real meaning of the word: friendship, the neighborly lift that gets one over the hard places in the road. The other half would cease to be, on that plan, and we should all be one great whole, pulling together, and our democracy would become real. I promised to find him such a widow.

But it proved a harder task than I had thought. None of the widows I knew had six children. The charitable societies had no family that fitted my friend's case. But in time I found people who knew about Mrs. Josefy. The children were right—so many boys and so many girls; what they told me of the mother made me want to know more. I went over to East Eleventh Street at once. On the way the feeling grew upon me that I had found my friend's Christmas present—I forgot to say that it was on Christmas Eve—and when I saw them and gathered something of the fight that splendid little woman had waged for her brood those eight long years, I knew that my search was over. When we had set up a Christmas tree together, to the wild delight of the children, and I had ordered a good dinner from a neighboring restaurant on my friend's account, I hastened back to tell him of my good luck and his. I knew he was late at the office with his mail.

Half-way across town it came to me with a sense of shock that I had forgotten something. Mrs. Josefy had told me that she scrubbed in a public building, but where I had not asked. Perhaps it would not have seemed important to you. It did to me, and when I had gone all the way back and she answered my question, I knew why. Where do you suppose she scrubbed? In the Presbyterian Building! Under his own

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"WE HAD SET UP A CHRISTMAS TREE TOGETHER, TO THE WILD DELIGHT OF THE CHILDREN"

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roof was the neighbor he sought. Almost they touched elbows, yet were they farther apart than the poles. Were, but no longer to be. The very next day brought my friend and his wife in from their Jersey home to East Eleventh Street. Long years after I found this entry on the register, under date January 20, 1899:

"Mrs. Josefy states that she never had such a happy Christmas since she came to this country. The children were all so happy, and every one had been so kind to them."

It was the beginning of better days for the Josefy family. Weary stretches of hard road there were ahead yet, but they were no longer lonesome. The ladies' committee that had once so hotly blamed her were her friends to the last woman, for she had taught them with her splendid pluck what it should mean to be a mother of Americans. They did not offer to carry her then any more than before, but they went alongside with words of neighborly cheer and saw her win over every obstacle. Two years later finds her still working in the Presbyterian Building earning sixteen dollars a month and leaving her home at five in the morning. Her oldest boy is making four dollars and a half a week, and one of the girls is learning dressmaking. The others are all in school. One may be sure without asking that they are not laggards there. When the youngest, at twelve, is wanted by her friends of the mission board to "live out" with them, the mother refuses to let her go, at the risk of displeasing her benefactors. The child must go to school and learn a trade. Three years more, and all but the youngest are employed. Mrs. Josefy has had a long illness, but she reports that she can help herself. They are now paying fourteen dollars a month rent. On April 6, 1904, the last entry but one is made on the register: the family is on dry ground and the "case is closed."

The last but one. That one was added after a gap of eight years when I made inquiries for the Josefys the other day. Eight years is a long time in the Charities Buildings with a heavy burden of human woe and failure. Perhaps for that very reason they had not forgotten Mrs. Josefy, but they had lost trace of her. She had left her old home in Eleventh Street, and all that was known was that she was somewhere up near Fort Washington. I asked that they find her for me, and a week later I read this entry in the register, where, let us hope, the case of the Josefys is now closed for all time:

"The Josefys live now at No. — West One Hundred and Eighty —st Street in a handsome flat of six sunny rooms. The oldest son, who is a cashier in a broker's office on a salary of $35 a week, is the head of a family. His brother earns $20 a week in a downtown business. Two of the daughters are happily married; another is a stenographer. The youngest, the baby of the dark days in the East Side tenement, was graduated from school last year and is ready to join the army of workers. The mother begins to feel her years, but is happy with her children."

Some Christmas Eve I will go up and see them and take my friend from the Presbyterian Building along.

This is the story of a poor woman, daughter of a proud and chivalrous people, whose sons have helped make great fortunes grow in our land and have received scant pay and scantier justice in return, and of whom it is the custom of some Americans to speak with contempt as "Huns."

KIN

EARLY twilight was setting in on the Holy Eve. In the streets of the city stirred the bustling preparation for the holiday. The great stores were lighting up, and crowds of shoppers thronged the sidewalks and stood stamping their feet in the snow at the crossings where endless streams of carriages passed. At a corner where two such currents met sat an old man, propped against a pillar of the elevated road, and played on a squeaky fiddle. His thin hair was white as the snow that fell in great soft flakes on his worn coat, buttoned tight to keep him warm; his face was pinched by want and his back was bent. The tune he played was cracked and old like himself, and it stirred no response in the passing crowd. The tin cup in his lap held only a few coppers.

There was a jam of vehicles on the avenue and the crush increased. Among the newcomers was a tall young woman in a fur coat, who stood quietly musing while she waited, till a quavering note from the old

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"PRESENTLY THERE FLOATED OUT UPON THE EVENING
THE FAMILIAR STRAINS OF 'OLD BLACK JOE'"

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man's violin found its way into her reveries. She turned inquiringly toward him and took in the forlorn figure, the empty cup, and the indifferent throng with a glance. A light kindled in her eyes and a half-amused smile played upon her lips; she stepped close to the fiddler, touched his shoulder lightly, and, with a gesture of gentle assurance, took the violin from his hands. She drew the bow across the strings once or twice, tightened them, and pondered a moment.

Presently there floated out upon the evening the familiar strains of "Old Black Joe" played by the hand of a master. It rose above the noise of the street; through the rattle and roar of a train passing overhead, through the calls of cabmen and hucksters, it made its way, and where it went a silence fell. It was as if every ear was bent to listen. The crossing was clear, but not a foot stirred at the sound of the policeman's whistle. As the last strain of the tune died away, and was succeeded by the appealing notes of "'Way Down upon the Suwanee River," every eye was turned upon the young player. She stood erect, with heightened color, and nodded brightly toward the old man. Silver coins began to drop in his cup. Twice she played the tune to the end. At the repetition of the refrain,

"Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home,"

a man in a wide-brimmed hat who had been listening intently emptied his pockets into the old man's lap and disappeared in the crowd.

Traffic on street and avenue had ceased; not a wheel turned. From street cars and cabs heads were poked to find out the cause of the strange hold-up. The policeman stood spellbound, the whistle in his half-raised hand. In the hush that had fallen upon the world rose clear and sweet the hymn, "It came upon a midnight clear," and here and there hats came off in the crowd. Once more the young woman inclined her head toward the old fiddler, and coins and bank-notes were poured into his cup and into his lap until they could hold no more. Her eyes were wet with laughing tears as she saw it. When she had played the verse out, she put the violin back into its owner's hands and with a low "Merry Christmas, friend!" was gone.

The policeman awoke and blew his whistle with a sudden blast, street cars and cabs started up, business resumed its sway, the throng passed on, leaving the old man with his hoard as he gazed with unbelieving eyes upon it. The world moved once more, roused from its brief dream. But the dream had left it something that was not there before, something better than the old man had found. Its heart had been touched.

HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT

"THE prisoner will stand," droned out the clerk in the Court of General Sessions. "Filippo Portoghese, you are convicted of assault with intent to kill. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

A sallow man with a hopeless look in his heavy eyes rose slowly in his seat and stood facing the judge. There was a pause in the hum and bustle of the court as men turned to watch the prisoner. He did not look like a man who would take a neighbor's life, and yet so nearly had he done so, of set purpose it had been abundantly proved, that his victim would carry the disfiguring scar of the bullet to the end of his life, and only by what seemed an almost miraculous chance had escaped death. The story as told by witnesses and substantially uncontradicted was this:

Portoghese and Vito Ammella, whom he shot, were neighbors under the same roof. Ammella kept the grocery on the ground floor. Portoghese lived upstairs in the tenement. He was a prosperous, peaceful man, with a family of bright children, with whom he romped and played happily when home from his barber shop. The Black Hand fixed its evil eye upon the family group and saw its chance. One day a letter came demanding a thousand dollars. Portoghese put it aside with the comment that this was New York, not Italy. Other letters followed, threatening harm to his children. Portoghese paid no attention, but his wife worried. One day the baby, little Vito, was missing, and in hysterics she ran to her husband's shop crying that the Black Hand had stolen the child.

The barber hurried home and sought high and low. At last he came upon the child sitting on Ammella's doorstep; he had wandered away and brought up at the grocery; asked where he had been, the child pointed to

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"PLEASE, YOUR HONOR, LET THIS MAN GO!"

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the store. Portoghese flew in and demanded to know what Ammella was doing with his boy. The grocer was in a bad humor, and swore at him. There was an altercation, and Ammelia attacked the barber with a broom, beating him and driving him away from his door. Black with anger, Portoghese ran to his room and returned with a revolver. In the fight that followed he shot Ammella through the head.

He was arrested and thrown into jail. In the hospital the grocer hovered between life and death for many weeks. Portoghese lay in the Tombs awaiting trial for more than a year, believing still that he was the victim of a Black Hand conspiracy. When at last the trial came on, his savings were all gone, and of the once prosperous and happy man only a shadow was left. He sat in the court-room and listened in moody silence to the witnesses who told how he had unjustly suspected and nearly murdered his friend. He was speedily convicted, and the day of his sentence was fixed for Christmas Eve. It was certain that it would go hard with him. The Italians were too prone to shoot and stab, said the newspapers, and the judges were showing no mercy.

The witnesses had told the truth, but there were some things they did not know and that did not get into the evidence. The prisoner's wife was ill from grief and want; their savings of years gone to lawyer's fees, they were on the verge of starvation. The children were hungry. With the bells ringing in the glad holiday, they were facing bitter homelessness in the winter streets, for the rent was in arrears and the landlord would not wait. And "Papa" away now for the second Christmas, and maybe for many yet to come! Ten, the lawyer and jury had said: this was New York, not Italy. In the Tombs the prisoner said it over to himself, bitterly. He had thought only of defending his own.

So now he stood looking the judge and the jury in the face, yet hardly seeing them. He saw only the prison gates opening for him, and the gray walls shutting him out from his wife and little ones for—how many Christmases was it? One, two, three—he fell to counting them over mentally and did not hear when his lawyer whispered and nudged him with his elbow. The clerk repeated his question, but he merely shook his head. What should he have to say? Had he not said it to these men and they did not believe him? About little Vito who was lost, and his wife who cried her eyes out because of the Black Hand letters. He—

There was a step behind him, and a voice he knew spoke. It was the voice of Ammella, his neighbor, with whom he used to be friends before—before that day.

"Please, your Honor, let this man go! It is Christmas, and we should have no unkind thoughts. I have none against Filippo here, and I ask you to let him go."

It grew very still in the court-room as he spoke and paused for an answer. Lawyers looked up from their briefs in astonishment. The jurymen in the box leaned forward and regarded the convicted man and his victim with rapt attention. Such a plea had not been heard in that place before. Portoghese stood mute; the voice sounded strange and far away to him. He felt a hand upon his shoulder that was the hand of a friend, and shifted his feet uncertainly, but made no response. The gray-haired judge regarded the two gravely but kindly.

"Your wish comes from a kind heart," he said. "But this man has been convicted. The law must be obeyed. There is nothing in it that allows us to let a guilty man go free."

The jurymen whispered together and one of them arose.

"Your Honor," he said, "a higher law than any made by man came into the world at Christmas—that we love one another. These men would obey it. Will you not let them? The jury pray as one man that you let mercy go before justice on this Holy Eve."

A smile lit up Judge O'Sullivan's face. "Filippo Portoghese," he said, "you are a very fortunate man. The law bids me send you to prison for ten years, and but for a miraculous chance would have condemned you to death. But the man you maimed for life pleads for you, and the jury that convicted you begs that you go free. The Court remembers what you have suffered and it knows the plight of your family, upon whom the heaviest burden of your punishment would fall. Go, then, to your home. And to you, gentlemen, a happy holiday such as you have given him and his! This court stands adjourned."

The voice of the crier was lost in a storm of applause. The jury rose to their feet and cheered judge, complainant, and defendant. Portoghese, who had stood as one dazed, raised eyes that brimmed with tears to the

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bench and to his old neighbor. He understood at last. Ammella threw his arm around him and kissed him on both cheeks, his disfigured face beaming with joy. One of the jurymen, a Jew, put his hand impulsively in his pocket, emptied it into his hat, and passed the hat to his neighbor. All the others followed his example. The court officer dropped in half a dollar as he stuffed its contents into the happy Italian's pocket. "For little Vito," he said, and shook his hand.

"Ah!" said the foreman of the jury, looking after the reunited friends leaving the court-room arm in arm; "it is good to live in New York. A merry Christmas to you, Judge!"

(The next installment of these "Life Stories" will appear in The Outlook for December 28)

A FEW BOOKS OF TO-DAY

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

READERS who are in search of men rather than books will find them in Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine's "Mark Twain" (Harpers) and the "Letters of George Meredith" (Scribners). The two men are as far apart as the Thames flowing through London Town and the Mississippi running amuck through half the continent. Meredith was the most sophisticated of English novelists; no finer intellectual force ever made itself felt in English fiction; nor has a more penetrating analyst of character appeared in that fiction. One may quarrel a hundred times with his art, with the soundness of his psychology; one can never question the sheer brain power of the author of "The Egoist," nor escape the fascination of his distinction. He is the exponent of a culture which has wholly escaped provincial limitations without loss of that power of portraiture which lies in intimate contact with near and familiar things.

Will some one explain why there are no Meredith clubs? There is as much matter for discussion in the novels as in Browning's poetry, but there is not the same gay courage in attacking the Meredithian problems. Possibly the novelist does not yield himself so easily to generalization as the poet; possibly he demands a closer scrutiny than the majority of readers can give his work; possibly his analysis is more searching than Browning's, and the lines of character which it develops are neither so distinct nor so strongly massed as in the poet's studies.

It is significant that nobody is interested in the geography of Meredith's stories; and this is because they have no local backgrounds. Thackeray will bear the aid of maps, and Dickens stands almost in need of a London directory; Mr. Hardy's moors are so potential in some of the novels that we are eager to "locate" them, and Mr. Phillpotts has come very near putting guide-books to Dartmoor in our hands; but the Meredith novels are in a country of their own. Even the Meredithian cares little where the novelist lived, or what his manner of life was; the relations between his books and his readers is intimate, but curiously impersonal. These two substantial volumes are far more communicative with regard to the man than a formal biography could be. Meredith does all the talking, and he does it naturally, frankly, and with no lurking consciousness of posterity in the back of his mind; and so he gives us unconsciously the atmosphere of his mind. There is no professional pose, no sense of making a contribution to epistolary literature, in these intimately informal letters; but there is the tireless use of a faculty of observation which was at times uncanny in its sharpness of sight, the flow of deep feeling, a delightful habit of friendliness, and many bits of self-revelation:

> One result of my hard education . . . has been that I rarely write save from the suggestion of something actually observed. I mean that I rarely write verse. Thus my Jugglers, Beggars, etc., I have met on the road and have idealized but slightly. I desire to strike the poetic spark out of absolute human clay. And in doing so I have the fancy that I do solid work—better than a carol in midair.

Meredith's criticism was not awed by great reputation, and he was in agreement with

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Carlyle and FitzGerald in his feeling about the verse of Tennyson's middle period:

> The "Holy Grail" is wonderful, isn't it? The lines are satin lengths, the figures Sèvres china. I have not the courage to offer to review it, I should say such things. To think—it's in these days that the foremost poet of the country goes on fluting of creatures that have not a breath of vital humanity in them, and doles us out his regular five-feet with the old trick of the vowel endings—The Euphuist's tongue, the Exquisite's leg, the Curate's moral sentiments, the British matron and her daughter's purity of tone—so he talks, so he walks, so he snuffles, so he appears divine. . . . The man has got hold of the Muse's clothes-line and hung it with jewelry.
>
> But the "Lucretius" is grand. I can't say how much I admire it and hate the Sir Pandarus public which has corrupted this fine (natural) singer. In his degraded state I really believe he is useful, for he reflects as much as our Society chooses to show of itself. The English notion of passion, virtue, valor, is in his pages, and the air and the dress we assume are seen there. I turn to Rabelais and Montaigne with relief.

These letters are as individual and at times as irritating as the novels, and they are also as interesting. They will not be read in their own light and for their own quality, as are the letters of Gray, of Lamb, of FitzGerald, but they will find their place beside the novels, and that means long life and very good company.

Mark Twain, on the other hand, developed his biographer and gained the effectiveness of autobiography without the labor of writing it. Mr. Paine stuck to his task with Boswellian persistency. But he was too deeply interested to be judicious in the matter of space, and the record runs to great length. It is easy to understand why Mark Twain was difficult to edit. He was so full of vitality, so unexpected in thought, so bizarre and often so grotesque in phrase and mood, that to report him adequately it seemed necessary to report him in full. But he needed to be edited in life, and he needs it now that he is gone. For many years his beautiful and devoted wife was his editor, and in her going he suffered an incalculable loss. Her exquisite nature was not only a foil for his coarser fiber, but a standard of taste and of speech. With fine discernment she called him "Youth;" and to the end of his days, under the shadow of a sorrow which searched him like fire, his was the spirit of youth.

For the best of Mark Twain, man and writer, was his report and illustration of those pioneer qualities which are characteristic of young societies. It was the Mississippi that floated him to fame, and to the life of the great river, and his unhackneyed and highly vitalized report of that rough, free, pictorial life, the readers of the future will turn for the genius of a man who won the world because he offered it a kind of writing that it had never had before. He was more unliterary than Whitman, who assumed the literary pose even while he denounced it. There is no evidence that, so far as his manner of speech was concerned, Mark Twain owed anything to books. Later in life he knew and loved certain writers, Browning among them; but neither his material nor his style was gained by reading; when he was asked, as everybody was asked a few years ago, what books had helped him most, he promptly replied, "My own books." He said frankly that he had never tried to help the cultivated classes; that he had neither the gift nor the training for it; that he always "hunted for bigger game—the masses," and that he had tried to entertain them and let them go elsewhere for instruction.

His instinct was sound, and it gained both audiences; for he was a natural force in literature, and there are few qualities which attract cultivated readers more than naturalness and force. Andrew Lang declared that he did not lay down "Huckleberry Finn" until he had read the last page; and that story and its companion, "Tom Sawyer," met the tests by which he judged fiction: vivid and original portraiture of life, and character naturally displayed in action; if there is "an unrestrained sense of humor in the narrator, we have a masterpiece." It would not be easy to put the elements of Mark Twain's genius and art with more precision.

For he had art, if by art we mean the most vital and effective use of material for presentation. It was not the art of the great novelist, nor of the "little masters" like de Maupassant; it was an instinctive sense of what is characteristic in time and place, observed, chosen, and dramatized in a spirit of buoyant, independent, and self-respecting humor. No man could be more at home with his people and with his readers than Mark Twain, and he wrote as if there were not another book in the world.

The indifference to conventions, the feeling that whatever was most easy and convenient was best, the deep-seated sense of the right of a man to be himself, which were the special qualities of the pioneers, were characteristic of Mark Twain, with the humor

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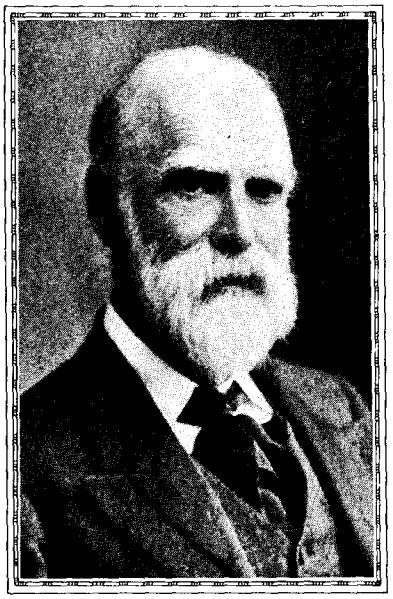
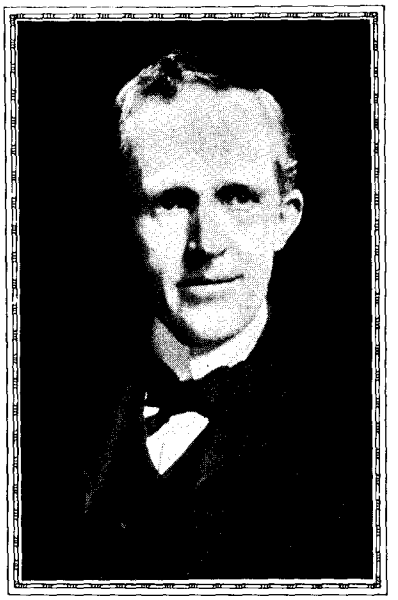
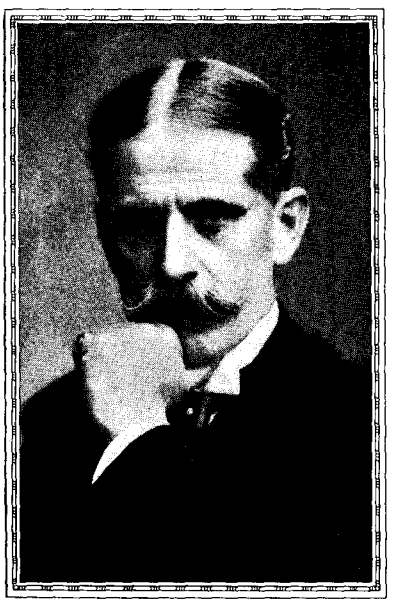


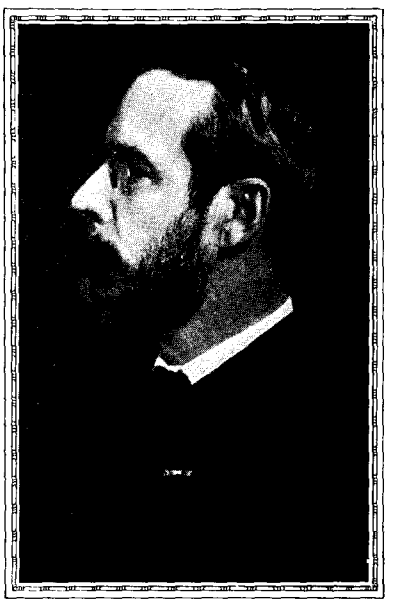
JAMES BRYCE



SAMUEL M. CROTHERS



HENRY VAN DYKE



BRANDER MATTHEWS

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which was the resource of men who had to make the best of things and took things as they were without apology or regret. When Mark Twain brought these qualities to bear on older and richer forms of life, he was often broadly humorous, but he sometimes made fun of things he did not understand.

Mr. Paine had a big subject, and he has dealt with it with a fine sense of its bigness; he says many admirable and illuminating things about his subject; he has very happily brought out the central integrity and fineness in a nature unfolded, as was Lincoln's, in a coarse age; it is unfortunate that he did not look oftener at the clock.

There are biographies of nations as well as of individuals, and it is not impossible to select from the literature of some races a little group of books which may be said to contain the autobiography of the nation. So when one comes upon such a study of a group of peoples as Mr. James Bryce's "South America: Impressions and Observations" (Macmillan), he has the sense of dealing with national personalities. Mr. Bryce was never a dry-as-dust recorder of facts. From the days when he wrote "The Holy Roman Empire" he has had a sense of the vital qualities of which the historical record is an expression. His latest excursion in the field of racial observation has produced a book which Americans ought to read, since, as a rule, we know less about our neighbors in South America than about our neighbors in Europe, or even in the Far East, and South Americans seem to know a great many things about us which are not true. Mr. Bryce deals with this wide field and its vast diversities of scenery and character with a unifying vision; so that he is able, without straining his facts, to give us a kind of typical South American, with the love of the sonorous phrase, sensitiveness to friendliness and affront, a strong sense of personal dignity, courage, and the mercurial temperament. It is especially interesting to read his observations on the absence of the race problem. In this country, one touch of black blood makes the possessor black; in South America, one touch of white blood makes the possessor white. Taking into account all the facts, Mr. Bryce is of opinion that when two stocks are fused, the one more advanced than the other, it does not necessarily follow that the result is an inferior race; that control by a superior race has a very depressing effect on the inferior race; and that race repulsion is not so deep-seated as peoples of Germanic descent take for granted. What Mr. Bryce has to say about the attitude of the South American toward the Monroe Doctrine has also great interest for Americans, and he defines an attitude toward the South American peoples which it is to be hoped the policy of this country will always express: "It is as the disinterested, the absolutely disinterested and unselfish advocate of peace and good will that the United States will have most influence in the Western Hemisphere, and that influence, gently and tactfully used, may be of incalculable service to mankind."

The author of the "Canterbury Tales" is a very remote figure from the standpoint of to-day; but he is one of those men of the past for whom the present has not only great admiration, but a very friendly feeling. It is impossible to treat Chaucer simply as an English classic. He escapes from his books and becomes one of the most delightful personalities among English writers. It is true one cannot sit down to enjoy him without some preparation of language study; and while the difficulties between Chaucer and the modern reader are easily surmounted, it is also true that a great many modern readers who would enjoy Chaucer have not the time to surmount them. So "The Modern Reader's Chaucer" (Macmillan) is one of those ventures which have for their end the well-being of all lovers of good English and good poetry. Mr. J. S. P. Tatlock and Mr. Percy MacKaye, the editors, both men of exceptional equipment for the task, adhere closely to the original text, and have rendered in modern English the complete poetical works of the earliest English poet of the first rank and one of the greatest English story-tellers. It was a delicate task, requiring not only scholarly equipment, but the sense of language. Fortunately both qualities were at the command of the editors, and the result is a rendering of Chaucer which removes the difficulties without letting the quality of the work escape in the process. Moreover, "The Modern Reader's Chaucer" is a noble book in form, with a series of thirty-two illustrations in color from the paintings of Warwick Goble, which are satisfying to the eye and are an aid to the imagination.

It is quite clear that essays still find readers, in spite of the popularity of those predigested books which are made to be read automatically. The essay demands a certain amount of attention; the reader of many

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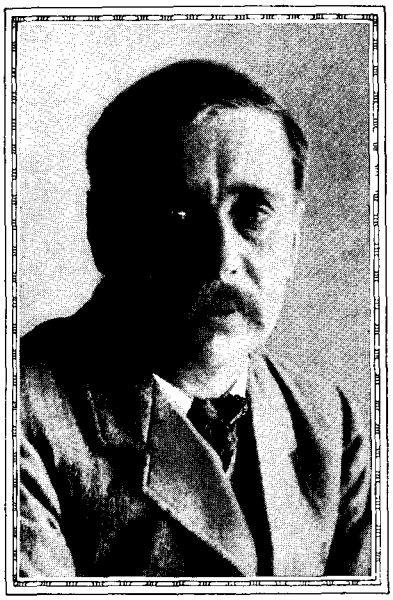
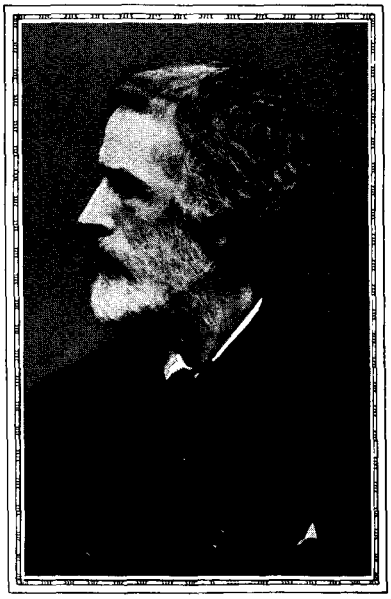


H. G. WELLS



GEORGE MEREDITH

JEFFERY FARNOL

GEORGE B. McCUTCHEON

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current novels can open the story and let his mind go off and attend to other matters, but the essay reader must listen. He is a desirable reader, because he expects to be on good terms with his author and to give as well as take. And this autumn he has a goodly list of attractive books to choose from; a few companionable volumes may direct attention to an alcove in the library of American literature which has an old-time air of quiet.

Those who enjoy reading about themselves in a large, impersonal way—and who does not?—will find close observation, clear thinking, and unforced humor in Mr. Bliss Perry's chapters on "The American Mind" (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Perry teaches from a chair of Literature in Harvard University which has high traditions, but, like his predecessors, he is a man of letters first and a professor afterwards, though it is only fair to remember that the once popular idea of the dry rigidity of the professor was as wide of the fact as are most popular ideas. One has only to recall Professor Lowell or Professor Holmes or Professor Lounsbury to see how sorely the popular idea needs revision. To have knowledge and be able to impart it without pedantry is a desirable quality, because it involves the possession of that sense of common human interests which enables a man to enjoy an unscholarly poet like Chaucer as thoroughly as one enjoys a great scholar like Professor Child, who knows a great deal more about Chaucer than Chaucer knew about himself. And the man who is going to write intelligently about Americans must be able to understand Whitman as well as Lowell and to find great qualities in Mark Twain as well as in Emerson. He must also have a large endowment of humor, that solvent of the problem of contradictory traits and that liberating quality of nature which enables its possessor to escape from the subtle snobberies of old-established ways and maxims and to see men and conditions in what Mr. La Farge called the free logic of life.

Mr. Perry brings the keen New England observation and the sound New England training to bear on his subject; but he has the American, not the New England, mind, and he knows that there is some "risin' ground" beyond the Mississippi. His analysis of the American mind, temperament, and ideals, his study of the National background and racial inheritance, his comment on literature, art, business, and character, are keen, shrewd, and penetrating. And he has, moreover, the delightful quality of being interesting. His discussion has a note of frankness, a quality of intimacy, which make his criticism especially valuable; and his book has a breadth of view and a largeness of feeling hardly suggested by its modesty of size and manner.

To see the American at close range and also from afar, and to have a pleasant time in the process, one has only to read Mr. Meredith Nicholson's "Provincial American" (Houghton Mifflin) and Dr. S. M. Crothers's "Humanly Speaking" (same publishers). The author of that wholesome Central Western story "A Hoosier Chronicle" has the humor which is diffused through the air of the continent and expresses itself in ease of mind in facing homely ways of living and familiar turns of speech; in a sense of comfort in the integrity of simple, normal things, and freedom from a disposition to apologize when such things are ranged against the ways of a more sophisticated world.

The humor of Dr. Crothers is, so to speak, more local and special; it deals confidently with the larger aspects of things, but it hits most shrewdly when it touches the particular weaknesses and intellectual frailties of the time, as in the essay which gives the volume its title. Some of the most delightful chapters are based on recent European experiences, and the fresh humor with which Old World conditions are gently but firmly "jolted" is very refreshing. It would not be easy to bring together two pieces of writing which are better foils than Mr. Nicholson's portraiture of the provincial American and Dr. Crothers's quietly ironical account of the suffering which crude, vulgar America inflicts on the sensitive nerves and shuddering ears of refined, sweet-minded, and well-bred Europe. Mr. Nicholson in "The Provincial American" has much to say about the American, but he does not trespass on Mr. Perry's ground; he is concerned with local conditions and special aspects of life to-day. He has a free, direct, wholesome way of looking at things, and he is very much at home in his time and country. He celebrates the home-bred American, not in the tone of pugnacious advocacy, but with the conviction that he is a wholesome product of wholesome conditions, and has amply justified his right to his share of sunshine and

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soil. His picture of a "Provincial Capital" is pardonably sympathetic in line and color, as Americans who are fortunate enough to know Indianapolis will agree; and what he has to say about Smith's absence from church, the tired business man, and the novels that run into the hundred thousand is pointed and worth considering whether one agrees or not.

The happy blending of keen insight and the wit which is neither caustic nor destructive, but a kind of high light on the mind, gives Dr. Crothers's essays a substance of serious thought and a manner of quiet and unaffected gayety. Such a discussion of the excessive overwork for righteousness, the moral overstrain from which many people are suffering, and which has prompted the suggestion of the organization of a Society for the Prevention of Reform, is more effective than most philosophical warnings or physiological protests.

The title of Mr. E. V. Lucas's modest collection of short papers, "A Little of Everything" (Macmillan), is one of those happily descriptive titles which not only describe the contents of a volume but characterize their point of view. As the editor and biographer of Lamb and a writer of essays himself, the author of these pleasantly discursive papers has reminded many people of Elia; but, while the later writer has the genial interests of the earlier essayist, he is in no sense an imitator. He is too quietly himself, too obviously at ease with his subjects, to hold other than a direct relation with them. The note of domesticity runs through this volume and makes it companionable; while its easy assumption that simple, familiar things are as interesting as remote and dramatic things gives the reader a comfortable feeling of being at home with the writer. If Mr. Lucas has not added to the sum total of human knowledge, he has added to the pleasure of being alive, not only by much keen observation and by the use of very good English, but by making us aware of the essential interest of common human relationships and happenings.

A conscientious student and a successful university teacher, Mr. Brander Matthews, the author of "Gateways to Literature and Other Essays" (Scribners), always gives his work a background of scholarship, but his manner is so easy and agreeable that the reader is never made conscious of any attempt to instruct him. On the contrary, Mr. Matthews has the conversational habit and talks like a well-read man who finds literature even more entertaining than the various kinds of sport which loom large in the talk of men before the open fire.

This volume contains, among other interesting chapters, the admirable address on Fenimore Cooper, the importance of whose work and its literary quality Mr. Matthews brought home to Americans at a time when "The Spy" and the "Leather-stocking Tales," which are read in every civilized country, had begun to seem a little provincial and old-fashioned.

We have read Mr. John Burroughs so long and with such profit that his friendly warning in his preface that the reader of "Time and Change" (Houghton Mifflin) must expect serious business in that volume seems superfluous. We are accustomed to listen to Mr. Burroughs without any desire to interrupt even when we differ with him; for a man so vigorously sincere, of such habits of original observation, and of such intellectual integrity is always stimulating, although he may not always be convincing. Mr. Burroughs has been so faithful a reporter of nature that his work, even in its descriptive phases, has rarely escaped the sense of the presence of mysterious forces slumbering or in action behind the beautiful aspect which the world wears to the poet and its rewarding fruitfulness to those who strive with it. The underlying unity of these chapters on "The Divine Abyss," "Primal Energies," "Scientific Faith," "The Gospel of Nature," is suggested by the writer's statement that while he was an evolutionist in the quality of his mind before Darwin, it has not been an easy matter for him to become an evolutionist in the concrete, and that these essays are "the outcome of the stages of brooding and thinking" through which he has passed in accepting the evolutionary "doctrine of the animal origin of man."

Lowell once said of certain foreign novels that the sign on the old inns, "Entertainment for men and beasts," would well describe them. Catering for the beasts still continues, and of late there is evidence that it is popular with a certain class of readers. Two or three popular novelists are manufacturing stories which profane the mysteries for commercial reasons, and a few periodicals are experimenting with American readers to discover how far they can cater to the taste for passion for passion's sake without being brought before the courts for indecent exposure. It is idle to talk about the freedom of art in

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connection with these tales; they are not on speaking terms with art. Speaking frankly, they are commercial ventures in indecency.

Such stories as Mr. Theodore Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt" and "Sister Carrie" (Harpers) are obviously sincere studies of a side of life of which the world of sheltered women needs to know more. The temptations to which lonely girls earning a pittance in great cities are subjected are not understood by the mothers who send them like sheep among the wolves who prey on innocence and ignorance. It is not pleasant to look at the diseases of society, but it is wholesome and necessary, and Mr. Dreiser's stories are free alike from a moralization which the facts supply and from any coloring of relations which inevitably turn into a shabby drab as time goes on.

As much may be said of "A Man's World," by Albert Edwards (Macmillan), though the illicit relations are too obviously obtruded and made wearisome before one has done with them. This, too, is the work of a sincere and honest-minded man, and is perhaps the most vivid picture of the under-world of poverty, vice, and criminality from an American hand. It is entirely out of the atmosphere of the "worthy poor" philanthropy; it is a dramatic record of work in the slums, and it is startlingly unconventional. The unconventionality is pushed so far that it becomes, perhaps unconsciously, a kind of pose. It is so easy to caricature the church in its attitude toward this problem that it is hardly sportsmanlike to take such a "pot shot." It helps to dramatize the situation, but it does so at the sacrifice of essential truth. What this story does is to set vividly before the imagination a group of young men who are so close to the organized misery of the submerged tenth that they are in revolt against church and society, and are so absorbed in the work of immediate, personal relief that they have lost patience with a society which does not take off its coat and put everything else aside until the dark places have been lighted and the foul places cleansed. "A Man's World" is not a pleasant story; it is, in fact, a disturbing novel; for that reason complacent and easy-going members of society will find it, like some medicines, distasteful but wholesome.

Heredity and environment are very disturbing factors in the problem of human responsibility, and the old-time gayety with which the good were set off from the evil and the functions of Omniscience assumed with easy-going assurance is found to-day only among a few survivors of individualism or among literalists who are untroubled by imagination or sympathy. It is not easy to be patient with so persistent and wanton a mischief-maker as Stella in Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's story of the early emigration to Oregon of a body of belated Puritans in 1848. Satan has entered into the heart of this beguiling and wayward West Indian, who is as devoid of conscience as a panther, and as light-footed in prowling about the camp of the believers. The hand of fate is on her, and the penalty for her misdeeds ought to have fallen on her ancestors. She has the vitality of a wild creature, to whom all laws which govern human relationships are wisps of straw. "A Picked Company" (Houghton Mifflin) is the most ambitious novel Mrs. Foote has written, but it is not the best story.

There is too much digression in Mr. H. G. Wells's elaborate study of the mind of the college woman in "Marriage" (Duffield), an able and interesting analysis of the struggle of two honest-minded people, who love one another, not only to live together comfortably, but to realize the possibilities of happiness in life. The problem is simple enough in form, but extremely difficult to work out: a man of scientific temper and training, absorbed in research work, drops in an aeroplane on a lawn on which a pretty girl, who has left a goodly list of debts behind her in her college town and has the habit of spending freely well established, is playing croquet, falls in love with her, carries her by sheer force out of an engagement already made, runs away with her, and marries her. The problem of bringing a man absorbed in scientific work, and a woman who loves him but cannot keep within his income, on normal terms with life is worked out with a thoroughness which at times gives one the sense of assisting at a clinic; but the analysis is interesting and the problem is solved in terms of human happiness and not by resource to the cheap and easy solution of the divorce court.

The problem in Mr. James Lane Allen's "A Heroine in Bronze" (Macmillan) is very different, and is happily conceived and solved in terms of art rather than of science. The American college girl, sketched with the sympathetic skill of one of the most accomplished and poetic of American writers, is a high-spirited, clean-minded, warm-hearted woman, whose femininity has all the old-time and all-time wealth of proud devotion which has made the great

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romances beautiful. At a time when business, politics, social reform, and sex-perplexities give a good deal of current fiction the atmosphere of social or economic studies, it is refreshing to come on a story of so uncompromising romantic temper and interest as "A Heroine in Bronze." There is no plot, there are only two characters, there are no dramatic incidents; there are, on the other hand, an intellectual problem which is also an artistic problem, and a very finely sketched background; a luminous picture of New York as the home of a vast and varied humanity; and the drama of dawning love, moving slowly to confession and surrender, is enveloped in an atmosphere as warm and fragrant as the atmosphere which envelops "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath." There are phrases of such pure verbal music in this story that one re-reads it for sheer delight in the beauty of its English.

And there is the same quiet reassertion of the reality of interest in the romantic novel in Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Mrs. Lancelot" (Century Company). The situation is highly characteristic: an English Prime Minister whose practical efficiency and detestation of idealism in all forms reminds one of Robert Walpole, a colorless husband with the habits and temper of a high-class Government clerk, a poet whose soul is all song and for whom conventions are base compromises, and "between them that tender, conscientious, pale, and slim woman, Mrs. Lancelot . . . listening now to her heart, now to her conscience, distracted, worn thin, pitiful, but always lovely and kind; a woman, not a saint, a martyr, but not a champion."

It is a very pretty problem, and Mr. Hewlett deals with it after his usual fashion, and so confuses our sympathies with our convictions that we are ready to welcome any solution of a situation which has been impossible from the beginning. The Duke is drawn to the life; but poor Mrs. Lancelot gets no chance for her soul with the three men, and in the end disapproval dies in the sense of what awaits her when the Poet has an unlimited chance to talk to her.

It is a relief to turn from Mr. Hewlett's deeply designed complication to Mr. E. V. Lucas's delightfully normal and familiar story of every-day incident, told with charming ease in "London Lavender" (Macmillan). The very title brings the streets of the old town before the imagination, with fragrant suggestion of the sounds of ancient fields and woods that humanize its "central roar." This book is not a novel, any more than "Over Bemerton's" was a novel, but both are chapters out of that human experience of which novels are made, selected and reported by a delightful essayist who knows how to stick to his text even when he is most discursive. There is always a suggestion of romance in the air, and love stories now and again look in for a moment and then go their happy ways, leaving an aroma behind them. The reporter nods occasionally, but when author and reader are on such friendly terms that is only an incident of intimacy.

The lack of art in Richard Dehan's story "Between Two Thieves" (Stokes) is emphasized by its unusual power. It has the proportions, the frankness and fullness of detail, and much of the compelling vigor of some of the Russian novels. It is epical in scale and often epical in the rhapsody into which the style runs on slight provocation. It is a lurid panorama of the relations of France and England prior to and during the Crimean War, with brilliant but partisan studies of half a dozen historical characters: Napoleon III, the Duc de Morny, Raglan, Palmerston, the Duke of Cambridge, and other actors in the field of European politics. The thieves are Napoleon and an English army contractor; and the victim is England, fooled by an adroit intrigue and betrayed by an unscrupulous trader. The plot is worked out on a colossal scale; the style veers sometimes towards Carlyle and sometimes towards Dickens, and runs into pages of fierce invective, of brutally frank descriptions of orgies and amours. The story shows great research and appalling labor; it overflows with vigor and leaves reticence out of account; it is overcrowded and overheated; it is packed with vitality and contains the substance of half a dozen novels. Some English critics put it beside "Marriage" and give the two stories the first place among the novels of the season. But "Between Two Thieves" is powerful rather than great; it is a mass of rich material rather than an organized work of art.

It is a relief to get away from the atmosphere of crime and greed and animal satiety into the pure though rather thin air of Mrs. Mary S. R. Andrews's "The Marshal" (Bobbs-Merrill), the romantic tale of the little boy on whose head the hand of the great Napoleon rested long enough to dub him a marshal of

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France. The story of the peasant boy who grew up in the companionship of one of the old soldiers of the great Emperor, and whose career was shaped by his devotion to the Napoleonic tradition, is told with the sympathetic quality which carried "A Perfect Tribute" to so many readers; and the high light of idealism shows a very different Napoleon from the corrupt intriguer of Richard Dehan's novel, which is also a romance.

If the strain of faith imposed by Mrs. Andrews's charming idyl of knightly devotion is a little too severe, one finds the quality of humor in Mr. W. J. Locke's "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol" (Bobbs-Merrill). The author of these lightly touched tales is a gift of Providence to an age so beset with problems that it almost fears to smile. But no one need fear the contamination of frivolity from Mr. Locke's stories; they are as full of gentle integrity and pure human kindness as if they had been put out by the Society for the Promotion of Happiness. They fill the reader with envy of the charm of unconventional goodness of heart.

And those hard-headed people who want to drive Santa Claus back to a region as cold as their own hearts, and who resent Christmas cheer and bells and lights as survivals of a superstitious age, will find much to enlighten them in the story of the attempt of a little Western town to abolish Christmas as a matter of economy, told with much quiet humor in Miss Zona Gale's "Christmas" (Macmillan), an old-fashioned tale set in a new environment and told with fresh feeling. The literal-minded who feel that the realities of life are symbolized by "butter and eggs and a pound of cheese," and that sentiment and poetry are the refuge of the weak and self-deceived, will do well not to read this unassuming and winning tale of human nature getting the better of Mr. Gradgrind in a community that set out to be worldly wise and was saved by a sudden outbreak of human instincts as deep as life itself.

The collection of short stories and of "half-told tales" which comes from the hand of Dr. Henry van Dyke in a very companionable volume, under the title "The Unknown Quantity" (Scribners), commands attention both for its substance and its form. There is a background of larger life behind all Dr. van Dyke's work; there is always a sky over his landscapes; there is always the play of spiritual laws and forces in his world. In these tales the element of mystery, which envelops daily experience like an atmosphere, becomes a determining element, and appears as a definite factor in the unfolding of character or the working out of events. The thread which unites these stories, the preface tells us, is the sense of mystery that runs through life and constitutes the unknown quantity, the incalculable element. The something around and within us which baffles and surprises us Dr. van Dyke brings before the imagination in a series of dramatic incidents which tell their own story, and, with the instinct of the artist, are not blurred with suggestion or solution. The two Canadian tales are in Dr. van Dyke's happiest vein of telling characterization by phrases of condensed descriptive force. The half-told tales are new expressions of the gift for paraphrasing life in terms of spiritual suggestion which have imparted to much of the work of this accomplished writer the quality of interpretation. In point of workmanship these stories deserve special commendation; they are models of the style which gains as much by restraint as by fullness of phrase; every word contributes to the general effect.

Those who read stories for the excitement of watching the play without the trouble of going to the theater will sit until the curtain falls on Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's latest story, "In the Hollow of Her Hand" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), a novel which does not stop until it reaches its destination, and which has the distinction of presenting a situation which is new to this generation of fiction readers. And Mr. Lincoln Colcord spins a sea tale of extraordinary vivacity and vividness in "The Drifting Diamond" (Macmillan), an impossible tale told with a vigor of phrase which promises well for the future of this young writer. Miss Mary Johnston's "Cease Firing" (Houghton Mifflin) will not escape the attention of those who found "The Long Roll" overloaded as a story but eloquent with an epical quality as a narrative of great events associated with great figures.

Among the new American writers, Mr. Jeffery Farnol has already found a large place among the lovers of spirited, adventurous stories, unconventional in tone and acted out of doors. His story of the adventures of "The Amateur Gentleman," now being published in serial form, promises to justify the reputation which may be said to have been established at the publication of "The Broad Highway."

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MARY LYON
Founder of Mount Holyoke College

A PAGEANT OF PROGRESS

BY ELIZABETH CRANE PORTER

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, when the trustees of Mount Holyoke met to discuss important questions as to the policy of the institution which was for the first time in history to offer girls the same education that their brothers had, Mary Lyon, the author and instigator of the whole venture, was not present. She waited near at hand, in an anteroom, ready for consultation. Because she was a woman it was not seemly that her guidance should be too plainly seen.

This fall, before an audience of thousands, seven hundred young women gave a pageant on the campus at South Hadley that was more significant than most of them dreamed. The College was celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary, and all the great universities and colleges of this country and many from abroad were bringing their cordial acceptance of woman's scholarship and their honor to the college whose founder made it all possible. The whole celebration, with its academic processions, the choirs, and the addresses, was impressive and worthy of the occasion, yet what one remembers is the pageant. It was the living representation of what every one was feeling.

In an open-air amphitheater that slopes away to a wide lawn bordered with stately maples in their most beautiful autumn red and orange the students came in procession down from the hill, across the bridge, to the green, where two fairy sentinels sat at the foot of twin elm trees. The pageant represented the liberal arts and sciences, and each department of the College had a section. First came a master of ceremonies and a troop of fiddlers in jolly countrymen's garb and then the groups of girls, each preceded by heralds and standard-bearer, passed slowly,

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THE TELEGRAPH, SWIFT MESSENGER OF THOUGHT—DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS

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but with no breaks or interruptions, before the audience. For the Bible Department was the Queen of Sheba, gorgeous with her slaves, and the three Magi and their attendants. Then some graceful Greek figures, from Homer and Sappho to modern soldiers, posed and went on. Suddenly loud trumpeting announced a marching crowd of thirty or forty Roman boys and girls, who escorted Augustus and Agrippa to the center of the stage and solemnly chanted the rhythmic cadences of the "Carmen Sæculare."

For hours the audience sat rapt, too interested even to applaud, as the young figures, lithe and graceful in their perfect ease and lack of self-consciousness, posed and danced or sang or stepped slowly across the greensward. The beauty of the spectacle was not only in the color and grace of the tableaux and dances. It was a remarkably intelligent whole. One felt that each girl knew just why she wore the costume she did and pulled with the rest of her college to make the pageant a success. Yet there was in the atmosphere a happy abandon and a friendliness that let the audience into the spirit of holiday-making that dominated the College.

The fact that the whole institution had worked on the plans, instead of making the pageant a mere heterogeneous display, only gave it variety and vitality. It was well held together by the colors of the standards and heralds, and yet diversely interesting at every step. Miss Louise Jewett, of the Art Department, should have much credit for the original idea and for the effect of the whole. Yet to the combined and co-operating ingenuity of different members of the faculty much of the individual effectiveness was due.

Chemistry, for instance, does not seem much of an inspiration for pageantry, but one of the most charming moments of the afternoon was when thirty or forty "elements," clad in pale colors, came dancing gayly on the field in confused and rollicking groups till at a gesture from Mendelejeff, the discoverer of the periodic law, they formed into groups of solid colors and danced in the harmony that has become a commonplace in our conception of matter. When Radium, in her dance, suddenly threw away her scarfs of glittering silver and was transmuted into Helium, the charm of science had its most beautiful expression. The scene was real poetry.

For the Mathematics Department were long files of scholars, all perfectly costumed—Ahmes, an Egyptian priest of the fifteenth century B.C., Hypatia herself, Hindus, Arabian philosophers, and mediæval friars. Physics and Astronomy were also presented historically, from fire-worshipers and Chaldeans to Benjamin Franklin stolidly bearing his kite and followed by personifications of the material and intellectual gifts of these sciences to humanity. Loveliest of them was a fairy-like little figure in green, who represented the "swift messenger of thought," and stood smiling at the audience with her model of a telegraph pole over her shoulder.

Next came a crowd of creatures that depicted Geology, Botany, and Zoölogy. There were orchids, algæ, fungi, and ferns attending Flora, straight from Botticelli's "Primavera," and a curious group of fruit flies, which actually, said the programme, illustrated Mendel's law "concerning the appearance of characteristics, dominant and recessive, in successive generations." The characteristics to be noted here were red and white eyes!

The English Department, which at Mount Holyoke concerns itself chiefly with writing courses, presented a graceful tableau of modern Muses, surrounded by groups personifying rhythmical prose and meter. They were followed by the Department of English Literature, with a long procession of characters from our literature and its history, beginning with Deor, the Anglo-Saxon bard, whose lament over his master's neglect of him still lasts from heathen times. Arthur and a lovely Guinevere, Tristan and Iseult, Sir Galahad and a Grail maiden, Robin Hood and some of his merry men with falcons on their wrists, moved side by side with the Canterbury Pilgrims, several Shakespeare people, and the whole rout from Comus, persecuting the ringleted and shrinking Lady and her gallant brother.

Famous portraits then began to appear, delightfully picturesque and remarkably like the originals, from Van Eycks to Sorollas. After them paraded many dignified ecclesiastics and potentates of history, ending with a stern, fat little Napoleon, who came and stood with folded arms and mournfully sank her head on her breast. Then to the strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein" was given in spirited dumb show the apple scene from "Wilhelm Tell." When the hat of Austria had gone past, a chorus of English country maidens in costumes of lovely dull colors danced on to the music of their smocked minstrels, and tripped gayly through several old glees and

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GRACEFUL GREEK FIGURES FROM HOMER AND SAPPHO

FRUIT FLIES (DROSOPHILA)—ZOOLOGY DEPARTMENT

Illustrating Mendel's law concerning the appearance of characteristics, dominant and recessive, in successive generations. The characteristics represented are red and white eyes. These appear in the ratio of 3 to 1 in the second generation

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HERALDS FOR ONE OF THE SCIENCES

FAMOUS PAINTINGS—ART DEPARTMENT

A group of students in picturesque dress paraded in remarkable likeness of the original painting of the Infant Don Baltazar Carlos in Hunting Costume, by Don Diego Velasquez, in the Prado, Madrid

IN PROGRESS

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rounds. The tone, volume, and finish of the choral work were remarkable, but only what is to be expected at a college that maintains always a choir of two hundred and keeps it to a standard rare in this country.

Shortly another set of heralds announced the Economics people, who began with some primitive men and ended with a prophecy for 2000 A.D. At the pastoral stage of this résumé of the life of man appeared a flock of sheep that docilely grazed and were driven across the green with apparent ease. Their obedience was characteristic of the care with which the whole affair was carried out. At the dress rehearsal, the girls said, it took fifty minutes to drive and coax the frightened animals through their part. So on the day of the performance they were penned all day and their meal hour made to synchronize with their appearance. They were so intent upon the fresh campus pasturage that neither the music nor the crowd could trouble them.

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MARY EMMA WOOLLEY
President of Mount Holyoke College

Then came Jeanne d'Arc, lean and tired, but exalted of countenance, and Dante and Beatrice after her. Don Quixote, on a raw-boned old white horse that has served generation after generation of college girls on their Wednesday drives, ambled gently across, pursued by Sancho Panza on a tiny donkey. Molière then conducted rehearsals for scenes from three of his plays before Louis XIV—a ludicrous bit from "Les Précieuses Ridicules," one from "L'Avare" and from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Last of all came a queer file of women. The pageant had shown poetically the present-day range of the college girl's training. Some of the recent alumnæ now came, showing how she had looked every year since 1837, from the slender silhouette of to-day back past the leg-o'-mutton sleeves, the hoopskirts, and the waterfalls of different years to the modest bonnets of Mary Lyon's time. The final tableau, as the seven hundred, a wonderful mass of color against the October woods, sang their Holyoke song, was a moving symbol of what young womanhood means to-day.

When the procession passed between the ranks of visitors before disbanding, the perfection of the costuming was even more evident than before. Details often neglected, such as shoes, and anachronisms such as eye-glasses, had all been seen to, and the effect was noticeably finished.

And it was no wonder. The College had been working on the pageant since last spring, and every girl then in college had a part. The plan as to color, device, and the central idea for each group was left to the faculty of that department, who sent to the central committee the list of the girls they would need. The plans and lists were revised and harmonized by the committee, and then each girl in college received a slip explaining her part and her costume. On the other side of the slip was a pledge for her to sign, saying that she would take full responsibility for the costume, and that, if she found she could not be at college that day, she would inform the authorities at once. This individual responsibility was what made the thing "go," and made the remarkable effectiveness of the production.

The girls either made or hired their own costumes, under the direction of the faculty, who drew designs and furnished samples and helped in the research necessary for many of

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the details. Any time after college opened you could see girls running across the campus to some faculty's room "to see if she was all right" as a monk, or a Roman matron, or St. Thomas Aquinas. And the thought was worth while. No carping classical critic, for instance, could have found any fault with the "Carmen Sæculare." The head-dresses and draperies of the actors were strictly according to the prevailing fashions of 17 B.C., as gathered from bas-reliefs and decorations; and the toga, whose real shape it seems is unknown, was the cause of much experimentation.

Probably the best part of the affair, beautiful as it was as a spectacle, was its effect on the girls. "To understand that programme," as one visitor said, "would be a liberal education," and no girl could have lived in that atmosphere for months and had a share in the preparation without getting something different from the not uncommon undergraduate attitude of jesting indifference to academic work. The kind of interest that people seldom acquire before they graduate is the usual thing at Mount Holyoke this year.

Back of the amphitheater where the pageant was given, in a quiet grove in the center of the campus, is Mary Lyon's grave. Nothing was said about her that afternoon, but every one was thinking of her. As a Japanese speaker quaintly said, when he later brought greetings from the Orient, "her benevolent spirit" must have been happy. Far more than seventy-five years of women's enlightenment lie between the time when Mary Lyon waited in an anteroom while her trustees debated and the day after the pageant in 1912 when Mount Holyoke conferred honorary degrees. The recipients were of the best type of women, and they all deserved the distinction, but to the audience they represented more than their individual achievement. Women have traveled a long distance in seventy-five years when a college can find—and for the most part from her own alumnæ—such women as these to honor: the distinguished head of a reformatory for women, an author of scholarly reputation, a notably successful woman archæologist, the presidents of two of Mount Holyoke's daughter colleges—one in South Africa and one in Ohio—and the head of the new Federal Children's Bureau.

SANCHO PANZA—DEPARTMENT OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES

No less typical of the modern woman is the President of the College herself, the woman whose steady, self-reliant grace makes any occasion notable. To one meeting her socially President Woolley shows herself to be of the sort that remembers, apparently, every one she has ever met, and, more than that, says always the elusive right thing—the phrase that other people compose wrathfully a half-hour after its occasion. By alumnæ and the public she is honored as the woman who has achieved what Mount Holyoke has long needed—a respectable endowment. And to the students she is the woman who can make them want to do what they have angrily determined they never will do, the woman whose wish is enough reason for action, the woman who, when she asks them not to discuss some matter, creates a silence on the subject more inflexible than a solemn oath. They want to please her, but, as she invariably explains why she wants things done, she makes them think, too.

The pageant and the rest of the celebration, to any one who knows Miss Woolley's work, were instinct with her unobtrusive direction. In a real sense it was a personal triumph for her after her first ten years of administration, but more than that was the larger fact that she is keeping the spirit of Mary Lyon and fulfilling all her hopes.

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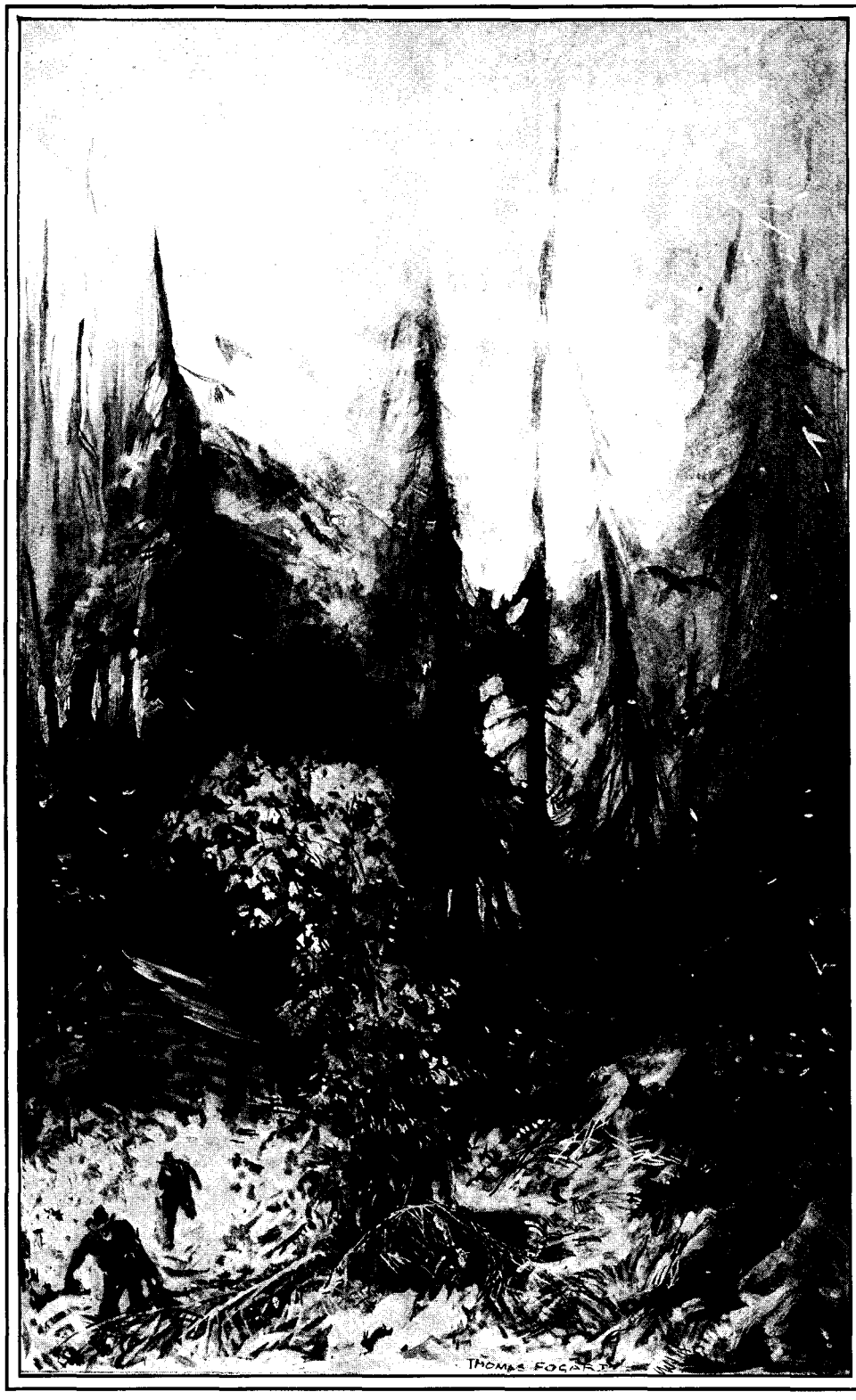

ABOVE RUSHED A HUGE VOLUME OF SMOKE, SHOWERING MILLIONS OF SPARKS AS IT WENT

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THE TRAIL OF FIRE

BY JOHN BERTRAM KELLEY

WITH DRAWINGS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

"DO you think there's a silver lining there, Tom, or would you call that one of the exceptions?" I leaned against a boulder and idly flapped a handkerchief about my head and neck to the discomfiture of a swarm of black flies.

My partner threw down his grub-hoe, combed the early flies out of his rough iron-gray beard, and stared thoughtfully at the southern sky. He spoke casually, as though his opinion were of little weight, anyway. "Son," he said, "it would take some prospecting to find the silver lining behind that cloud." He picked up his grub-hoe and knocked some pieces of rock from a vein he had uncovered. "Not bad-looking truck," he remarked, putting them into his pocket. Once more he studied the black cloud to the south. It was growing suspiciously thick and appeared to be gaining speed. At times it would rise lazily, then heave slowly to the east, then stop to settle for a moment. The old prospector scanned the sky. In all directions lay the haze of forest fires over the parched bush. "It looks bad to the south there, son, but if a wind comes up from *any* direction, I guess hell will seem like a refrigerator after this bush. She's just a nest of sleeping fire now, and she's so dry that the frogs are dying of thirst in the water-holes. I reckon we'd better feed and then hike for Porcupine after we cache the outfit."

Even as we buried the blankets, dishes, cooking utensils, all our precious movable equipment, the sleeping fires that lay all about us were roused. An hour passed, and in that hour sprang up a wind such as had never in the memory of man torn through the northern bush. It varied from moment to moment—now from the south, suddenly from the northwest—it twisted and shrieked, fanning and spreading and uniting a thousand fires. Great trees, torn up by the roots, crashed through the underbrush on all sides of the cabin. Occasionally the fire, leaping clear of the smoke, seemed to precede it, red, merciless, tearing through the spruce, snatching the tops of the dry tamarack and hurling them through the air to ignite the tinder-like bush five hundred yards away. Back fires started. The wind seemed to blow from everywhere. The hissing of burning spruce trees grew louder, sharper, more frequent; it became a roar.

We watched it quietly from the cabin door. We had made our plans if the fire should reach us. In times past swamps on the outskirts had protected our claim, but the wind alone could protect us now. We smoked in silence, our lightest and most precious possessions in a pack-sack between us. A rabbit raced around the corner of the house, seated himself a dozen yards away, and watched us, trembling. A moose swept by, snorting wildly. At that instant old Tom made a grab for the pack-sack and ran down a little trail that led into the swamp. Following closely, I saw a hundred little fires breaking into life about us, though the main fire was half a mile away. Above rushed a huge volume of smoke, showering millions of sparks as it went.

The trail led to the well, a hole slightly more than six feet deep and containing about five feet of water remarkable in the vicinity for its coldness. Into this well the old man dropped the pack-sack, sliding in after it with a shiver. For a few seconds I watched the oncoming wall of fire sweeping toward us; then I too dropped into the well.

It was not good to look at as it came, preceded by a thick, inky, turpentine smoke, but in the well we were comparatively safe from the actual fire. That a tamarack top might come into the well we knew, but we had to chance that. The air in the small space between the water and the level of the ground seemed sweet and pure in contrast to the smoke-laden air outside. The water was bitter cold as we ducked to avoid the hail of sparks.

High above, the tops of the spruce trees burst into flame. Great snake-like flames leaped from tree to tree. Trees crashed to the ground with the ear-splitting crack-crack of artillery. With a roaring, hissing noise, like that of many locomotives in a tunnel, the fire rushed over the well. We plunged our heads into the water. A tree fell across the opening above us. Instantly

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a thousand little flames raced along the trunk, scorching our heads and necks. Coughing and choking, we managed to throw enough water with our wide hats to extinguish the fire. The air was unbearable; it was so dry it cut our lungs. Then came the smoke, heavy, impenetrable. We choked and coughed continually, swinging automatically forward and backward—under the water, into the hot dry smoke, and back under water. We tore off our shirts, wound them about our heads, and, still choking for breath, wildly flung water over them. Minute after minute dragged by. The air was rent by a reverberating boom as a powder-house a mile away blew up. It meant at least a dozen lives. Black hopelessness pressed down on us. Smoke rolled over us ceaselessly; the ground was carpeted with glowing embers, with tiny creeping, shooting flames. The icy water, while prolonging our struggle against suffocation, was slowly paralyzing us.

At last came the temptation to put an end to the strangling misery by slipping down into the water. It would be easier, but with my partner beside me I couldn't quit. Without uncovering my eyes, I knew how he looked; knew he was standing beside me fighting for life, refusing to consider whether he had a chance of saving it or not.

A feeling of indignation swept over me. I might be killed, but I wouldn't give up! I would not be found huddled up in the bottom of a well. I fought grimly for breath, half mad with the idea that it was a personal issue between me and the Lord of the Universe. I fought angrily, spitefully. I kept muttering that a man took a lot of killing, that I could tough it as long as my old partner did.

The smoke became cooler and less thick. Sometimes for a few seconds it rolled past on one side or the other, giving us a chance for a long breath. Old Tom seized the charred tree-trunk above his head and swung himself out of the well.

"Son," he said, "a couple of hours of that sort of thing is enough."

"I guess I'm well enough chilled to keep for some time myself," I remarked, coughing and panting as I looked around.

The completeness of the transformation of the country was disconcerting. It took us a few seconds to get our bearings as we walked slowly to where the cabin had stood, for the sheet-iron stove was the sole remaining proof that there had ever been a shack. To the north the fire, swept along by a seventy-mile gale, leaping from side to side, mowing down monster trees, consuming underbrush, small trees, and the little dwelling-places of man, rushed on its course, leaving in its wake the skeleton of a forest, skeletons of little and big animals, and the skeletons of men.

The smoke-laden wind had turned cold, so we stood close to a glowing log as we took off our long boots and wrung out our socks. Then I remembered the pack-sack, went back to the well for it, and wrung my socks again, while the old man stood by, shivering and profane. We pulled on our cold, wet shirts, and started for the settlement, climbing over countless fallen trees, feeling that we were walking swiftly, though we barely moved. Trees fell about us, several almost on top of us. We were cold, dazed, miserable. The strain had left us half sick, half ashamed of the fight we had made for our lives.

On the township line we met a big Finn. He was running back and forth, moaning, nursing one hand with the other. He showed us its burned back, then continued to walk about, sobbing and whimpering. Old Tom regarded him with disgust. "If you're going to Porcupine with us, stranger, you'd better shut up and come along." He led the way slowly, breathing heavily, while the Finn brought up the rear, whining. The eyes of all of us, inflamed by the smoke, became harder and harder to keep open. Every few steps we had to throw back our heads to get a glimpse of the trail.

A leaden-gray twilight settled about us. The smoke swept past, cool and light. The air was filled with carbon dioxide. The black, smooth ground, the great black trunks of trees standing at a distance from one another, the black broken logs stretched on the ground, the whole hedged about with a dead, gray shroud of smoke, made me feel that we alone remained on the unwholesome remnant of a destroyed earth. With the extinction of all life about us, we were miserably impressed with our insignificance as we crawled over great hot tree-trunks and tried to follow the altered trail with eyes more than half blind. The Finn thought only of his burned hand, which seemed to be the extent of the damage inflicted upon him by the fire. He wept, begging us to hurry, until finally, seeing that he was not regarded as an object

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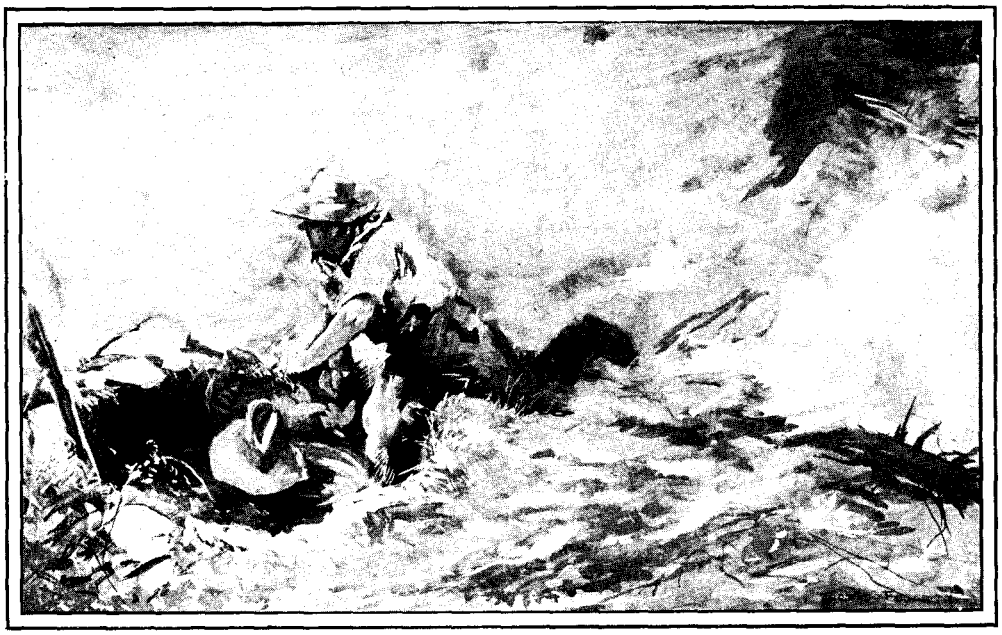

"THEN I TOO DROPPED INTO THE WELL"

of sympathy, he strode angrily past us and moved strongly and swiftly down the trail.

The disappearance of the big log camps that had stood near the trail on cleared ground, offering nothing to feed the fire, and the gruesome discovery that what looked like three little logs were the charred bodies of men, prepared us to find Porcupine in ruins. The old man led the way in silence. He was having a bad time forcing himself to walk. He seemed almost overcome by dizziness; he coughed ceaselessly, doubling up after the effort of climbing over a tree-trunk, and spitting blood after his worst attacks. Feeling that I was following at a terrific pace, I shambled behind him. I was oppressed by an inability to fulfill a persistent desire to fill my lungs. Every few steps my mouth would be pulled open, a little air would rush into my lungs, and a fit of coughing follow.

Evening was upon us when we arrived at the smooth black area of land cleared by man for his houses, and during the past two hours cleared of man and his houses by fire. There was nowhere the faintest trace of a house. The lake at the north end of the town was obscured by a great cloud of smoke sweeping out of the swampy shore. Besides a hideous smell of burned flesh there was no clue to the whereabouts of the several thousand inhabitants of South Porcupine. It was inconceivable that they had all perished. We walked listlessly to the lake shore, where, seated close to a fire, was a little group of men. There were no greetings. They all knew us and were glad to see us alive; still, they were themselves too miserable to say so. Everything was burned, they said, nothing left of any of the towns. Most of the inhabitants had stood in the lake, and so escaped burning. They thought that several hundred had been drowned by the crowd pushing those farthest out into the water that was beyond their depth. This and much more of the same sort the group told us in callous, monotonous tones, as though it all made little difference. Their friends had burned and drowned before their eyes; their own lives had been spared by luck they could not understand. What had become of the survivors they neither knew nor cared. The terrific sweeping force of the fire had stunned them.

We left the group and started for North Porcupine, the settlement at the other end of the lake. "There's bound to be a crowd somewhere, Tom; I shouldn't wonder if the North End had slid by." The old man nodded his answer. He had not spoken for two hours, but had gone on doggedly, his big sloping shoulders drooping more and more, his whole body shivering. The eyes of both of us were puffed and aching, requiring

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a backward jerk of the head for a momentary glance at the trail, then closing heavily again.

Half-way around the lake we came upon a gathering of foreign laborers, prospectors, mine managers, and brokers, among whom were several shivering and half-blind women. They spoke in low, dead voices. The North End, they told us, had been saved as by a miracle. The fire had swept by on both sides of the town, taking only one street as it went.

They all fell silent as a big motor boat approached. It brought a doctor in a white collar and well-pressed clothes, who obviously had not been in the fire. This man jumped ashore and began to select passengers for the boat. Every one crowded about him, eager to get out of the desolated bush. The doctor helped the women into the boat first. Foreign laborers, mostly Finns, set up a shout and rushed into the boat, throwing the women into the water. Without a word the prospectors and mining men fell upon the Finns, and a moment later the women were again in the boat, shivering, but for the most part calm. They had suffered much that day.

After the outburst the doctor had easier work. He set about filling the boat with the men who were least able to walk. His eye fell upon my partner and me; and we must have been a sorry sight, standing together, shivering, our eyes tight shut, our shirts torn and hardly tucked in at the belt. He came quickly to the old man.

"You'd better get into the boat," he said.

Tom started. "Come on, son," he said.

"He can walk all right," said the doctor, "but you get in; everybody's waiting."

The old prospector stopped short. "If he can walk, why, I guess I can too." His voice sounded thin, and the words were followed by a fit of hard, dry coughing.

Startled, I spoke brusquely: "Don't be a fool, Tom." Anger masked a great uneasiness. "You needn't worry about me. I'll be 'round the shore nearly as soon as you are. So don't stand here with those women freezing in wet clothes."

Attacked from this angle, the old man surrendered, and a moment later I stood watching the boat as it shot out into the high chop, swung north, and, with wind and waves behind it, headed up the lake.

The gathering broke up; little groups took the trail to the North End, till presently I found myself alone. I kept wondering why the doctor thought that old Tom couldn't walk. It was all rot; the old man had come out of the bush like a moose—and yet there had been something strange. It was like him to say nothing. The longer I stood thinking about my old partner, the farther the mile to the North End seemed. I looked for a place to lie down out of the wind. I would sleep there and go to town in the morning. Then the thought of old Tom waiting for me at the "first call" decided me. I started up the trail, now nearly obscured in darkness, stumbling often, swearing extravagantly. Finally, half dazed with exhaustion and a peculiar numbness, I walked into the crowded bar-room and sank into the barber's chair.

Men who happened to have been in the little settlement that had been spared crowded about me. Many of them I knew. All of them knew me as the partner of the grim old veteran of the bush. "Where is Tom?" they demanded. "Doc took him in a boat; thought he'd be here," I answered, wondering.

At that moment the doctor in the white collar entered. He came up to me and congratulated me on my escape. "Where's Tom?" I asked. "He's all right," he answered quickly and turned away. He said something to a young fellow who stood a little apart from the group. I couldn't hear what it was, though I felt he was talking about me.

"Where's Tom?" I fairly shouted, but he left the building, and the young fellow came over and told me to come with him, assuring me that Tom was being cared for.

He took me to the upper end of the town. The street swarmed with homeless people walking back and forth, talking in groups, beaten, hopeless, tragedy depicted in nearly every face. Authentic rumors came in steadily of horrible deaths of men and women in some of the mines. Any one who had been in the fire and had come out alive was hailed with wonder, so all-overwhelming the disaster had been. Man after man stopped me, some of whom I knew well and some not at all. They acted as though a ghost had come among them. An old friend threw his arm about my shoulder.

"I never knew you were lucky before," he exclaimed.

"I'm feeling blamed lucky just now, Jim," I told him. "All you've got to do to keep me going is to feed me on bits of dry wood: I swallowed about half that fire."

A little later I was steered into a shack and

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was put into a double bunk that already contained three survivors, two of them badly burned, the other one exhibiting symptoms similar to my own. "Kind of a cemet'ry special," grunted one of the bandaged ones. We exchanged stories of our escapes. At the close of each story the auditors remarked feelingly, "Well, you were lucky."

With night the doctor came, put a few drops of boracic acid and cocaine in the inflamed eyes, a few drops of whisky into the parched throats, and went his way. More and more of the injured were crowded into the shack, until every inch of floor space was covered with rolling, groaning men. The owners of the cabin sat on the table talking in low tones. Now and again the door opened to admit members of a hurriedly organized rescue committee who were going about in search of facts concerning those who had come out of the bush and the probable whereabouts of those who had not come out. A train of box cars had already taken eighteen hundred people out of town. Several had died on the journey, the story ran. People tried to persuade me to take the next train. I told them Tom and I would go together in the morning. But I could get no information regarding his whereabouts.

The next morning, in spite of much opposition, I rose early and went out to find my partner. I met a procession of stretchers being carried to the station. I knew most of the men on them. The streets were deserted except for a small group of people in front of the theater. I crossed the street and joined the group who were reading a typewritten list of the dead, which had just been pinned to the door. I read the list slowly; on it were the names of many of my friends. Near the bottom was the name of my partner. Certain that there was a mistake, I turned to the man near me, remarking that there were probably a good many errors on the list, and pointing to old Tom's name as an example. "That's no mistake, stranger; I helped lug his box to the station myself," the man said. "He and his partner got in wrong yesterday, and the doc says that the young one will go out in a box by to-morrow."

Again the feeling of rebellion which had come over me in the well swept every other sentiment from my mind. "If the doctor said that, he lied." I spoke quickly, trying vainly not to cough. "And you tell him that you saw old Tom's partner walk to the station and go out on this train." I walked up the hill to the station, choking, and terribly lonely for the old man.

LOUIS GLAVIS IN CALIFORNIA

BY HAROLD FRENCH

Louis Glavis is the young man who, by his charges against Secretary Ballinger, started what is known as the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy. We are sure our readers will be interested in this account of Mr. Glavis's more recent public service.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN young Louis R. Glavis, special land agent of the Federal Government, presented to the judicial consideration of President Taft certain evidence indicating a plan of the Department of the Interior to turn over the wealth of Alaska to the Morgan-Guggenheim interests, he was summarily dismissed from the service for having circulated "mere unfounded suspicions" reflecting upon his superior officers. Whereupon, "this rash boy, Glavis," retired to the simpler life as an honest horticulturist. But Glavis was by no means forgotten.

When the apple blossoms of his Hood River orchard were unfolding in 1911, he received a summons from the State of California to appear before its Governor, Hiram W. Johnson, and show cause why he should not be transplanted to the post of executive officer of the newly created State Conservation Commission.

Betwixt the Sierras and the sea was a new world to win for the people. In this realm of natural riches were certain assets belonging to this sovereign State which were well worth a billion dollars to its public owners. The Conservation Commission proposed to control the development of its water supplies, forests, minerals, and reclaimable lands for the benefit of the whole people. And as

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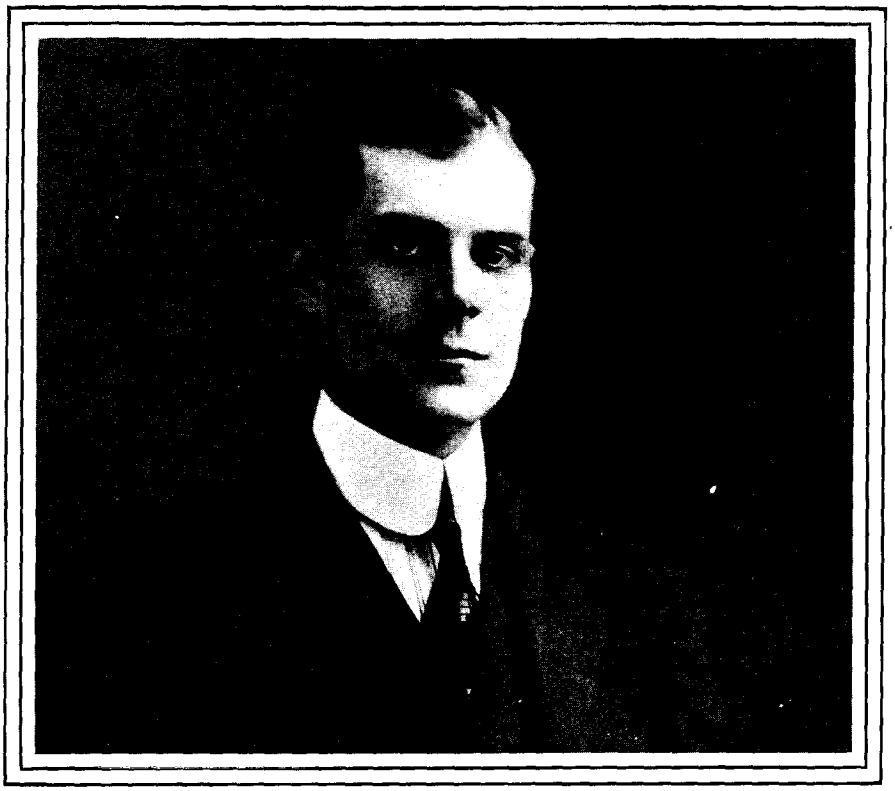

LOUIS R. GLAVIS

an administrator they wanted a man who had not only "made good," but who could make better records. The urge of social service was too strong for Louis Glavis, and so he consented to be drafted as a soldier of the good government of this progressive commonwealth.

As far back as 1887 a State Board of Forestry was established and $29,500 was appropriated for its maintenance; but the idea that the State should attempt to regulate the ruthless greed of the organized land-grabbers was deemed an unwarranted intrusion upon the rights of vested interests. Backed by the powerful influence of the Southern Pacific machine, the resources of the State were the spoil of speculators, who obtained valuable timber lands for as low as $1.25 an acre, which they devastated with utter disregard for the future welfare of the State. As the denudation of the watersheds progressed, the recurrence of ruinous floods awakened a growing sentiment in favor of regulating the basic industries of the State in the interest of all the people.

When Dr. George C. Pardee became Governor of California in 1903, he impressed upon the Legislature the fact that the future prosperity of the State would depend upon the conservation of its forests and water supplies, and by persistent efforts he secured appropriations sufficiently liberal to permit the performance of effective work by the State Forester. But his conservation projects were again held back by the blighting influence of the machine. The Southern Pacific had no use for a Progressive Governor, and the then all-powerful Boss Herrin recalled Pardee from his post at the close of his term. During the next four years the very word "conservation" was read out of the party's dictionary.

Then came the popular revolution against the rule of the railway, and Hiram Johnson was inaugurated Governor of California in January, 1911. With all his uncompromising energy he urged the Legislature to create the State Conservation Commission. On April 8, 1911, a law was enacted for the purpose of establishing a commission which should be empowered to regulate the utilization of water supplies for power purposes,

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and another commission was authorized to investigate and report to the Legislature upon the development of irrigation and reclamation projects, as well as to investigate forestry, the exploitation of mineral lands, and kindred subjects. Three commissioners were appointed to supervise the revising of existing statutes and to recommend the enactment of laws which would make their work for the conservation of the natural resources of the State more effective. A fund of $100,000 was placed at the disposal of the commissioners, who were authorized to engage the services of experts to gather data and to work out the problems of this ambitious programme.

Among the three commissioners whom Governor Johnson appointed was his predecessor, the pioneer Conservationist, former Governor Pardee. He had attended the memorable Irrigation Congress at Spokane in 1909, when Louis Glavis appeared before that body of progressive public men and submitted his case against Secretary Ballinger to Gifford Pinchot. From that time he took a deep interest in the career of the young monitor whose timely warnings prevented the deeding away of public domain to privileged promoters. When the Commission required the services of an administrative secretary, Dr. Pardee proposed the name of Louis Glavis for the office, with the unqualified approval of his colleagues, and on the 1st of July, 1911, he commenced his new career of usefulness to the public.

The first notable achievement of the State Conservationist was the drafting of a bill establishing a water power commission, a water-wheel within the motive wheels of this new engine of regulation. Mr. Glavis studied every phase of the utilization of water power to generate electricity, and presented his arguments for the creation of this special commission in such cogent form that the Legislature adopted the plan, which became a law on January 2, 1912.

One of the greatest assets of the Golden State is, at the present time, the least developed in proportion to its value. Engineers have estimated its water rights to be worth hundreds of millions of dollars a year to the people of this favored State. The vast and sparsely settled Sierra Nevadas are limitless storehouses of water deposited in Nature's snow-banks. These gradually liquidating reserves linger throughout the summer in this lofty wilderness of glacier lakes and sky-piercing peaks, ranging from eight thousand to over fourteen thousand feet in elevation. Fully five hundred miles in latitude this series of Sierran catchment areas extends, while the width of its alpine zone averages from thirty to forty miles. On either side of this region of perpetual snows cascading rivers carve their courses through granite gorges down to the desert below the eastern escarpment, or to the fruitful foothills of the great interior valleys. For the purposes of generating electrical power, irrigating and reclaiming lands, and furnishing copious supplies of water for domestic needs, these snow-born torrents have a commercial value which will soon bear a proportion of sixteen to one to the average annual production of gold in this State. A miniature Sierra guarding the Pacific coast contains between its contours, which range between two thousand and eight thousand feet in elevation, many streams capable of doing much useful work for millions of people.

Far-sighted speculators, anticipating the ultimate utilization of these water supplies, have not failed to file claims appropriating exclusive rights to retain these sources of energy long in advance of the necessity of their development. A hydra-headed water power trust was intrenching itself at every strategic point and reaching out for the monopoly of the water supply of this great commonwealth. In many instances dummy locators and the makers of fraudulent entries have rendered yeoman service to their financial fiefs. Mr. Glavis did not propose to hurt business in any way for bona-fide appropriators of water rights, but he did take a decided stand that the State should clip the claws of the power trust. In drafting the Water Commission Act he urged the incorporation of clauses that would compel applicants for water rights to file specifications and drawings showing just what use the water would be put to if appropriated. Such entries are now leases, limited to forty years' duration and subject to forfeiture if construction work is not begun in good faith within six months after location. The State now receives a rapidly increasing revenue from such licenses in the form of fees and charges of ten cents for every horse-power generated above a minimum of one hundred units. Should any companies enjoying the privileges of these string-attached water rights enter into a conspiracy to limit the output of electricity for the purpose of

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increasing rates or preventing the lowering of prices, the Conservation Commission is empowered to revoke their rights unconditionally.

Glavis is of the dynamic type. Once started, his mental mechanism runs right ahead at a steadily accelerating efficiency. He was not content with regulating the future appropriations of water rights, for he has since followed up his first success by preparing to cancel all water filings held purely for speculative purposes. After checking up the records of water and power site locations, Glavis found that about ninety-five per cent of these franchises were rendering no real service, nor was there any evidence of intention on the part of the appropriators to improve their holdings within the next few years. Accordingly, he is ready to recommend to the next session of the Legislature that these undeveloped water rights should be canceled. It may be expected that Mr. Glavis will encounter some serious opposition from the present possessors of these valuable privileges, who will bitterly resent the prying of such prizes from their grasp. If Mr. Glavis succeeds in winning the support of the State Legislature, and the Commission is authorized to revoke these unutilized franchises, the State will come back into the full possession of water rights which will be readily worth hundreds of millions of dollars during the next decade.

In the spring of this year Mr. Glavis practically presented the State of California with over a million acres of land which his collective employers did not know that they owned. This statement may seem a little strong, but it is quite as true as though the dispossessed heirs of a princely estate had suddenly had the title deeds to their lawful heritage thrust into their hands.

In the early days of the American occupancy of California the Federal Government granted two sections in every township in the State for the support of its schools. A grand total of 5,699,503 acres was conveyed to California in this apportionment of public lands. Many of these sections were situated in early Mexican grants, or have since been included in Federal Forest reserves. Wherever these school lands could not be legally claimed the National Government gave applicants scrip in lieu for these lands, permitting them to exchange these tracts acre for acre in the Federal domain. Under the free and easy rein of the régime of "the good old days" the grossest forms of graft were perpetrated with impunity. The State sold its valuable school lands as a beggar would barter jewels. Tracts of timber land covered with compact ranks of redwoods and magnificent pines, worth in many districts a cent a square foot, were practically given away for $1.25 an acre. In later years this rate was doubled after the richest pickings had been plucked. When the Conservation Commission began business, it was commonly believed that all of its school lands had been grabbed and were irrevocably beyond recall.

When Mr. Glavis got "on the job," he wanted, first of all, to know just how much real estate the State of California really owned. Upon consulting the Surveyor-General, that official informed him that his predecessors had left the records of this department so tangled that there was no evidence to show what had become of the school lands. Under the dominance of the railway régime the powers that were preferred that the people should not know what property they still owned. Therefore the records were regarded as undecipherable.

Glavis promptly decided that it would be worth while to conduct a systematic examination of the surveys and land sale records of every township in the State. He detailed Special Agent H. T. Jones to direct a force of expert record searchers, who were required to trace the filings of all entries of land in every township of the State according to the disordered but decipherable maps and documents in the offices of the Surveyor-General. At the same time Mr. Glavis conducted a similar search at the United States General Land Office at Washington. For four months Glavis and his associates worked unremittingly at this complicated task until they had segregated the surprisingly large total of 1,175,064 acres of school lands which, for various reasons, particularly ignorance of their existence, had never been located. At the recent minimum price of $2.50 an acre for which such property sold, the value of this new-found land to the State was worth nearly $3,000,000.

But, as much of this area is still covered with marketable timber, or possesses other elements of value for agricultural purposes or the development of mineral or water resources, the Conservation Commission has caused the repeal of the laws sanctioning the sale of school land on such terms. In the

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future it will probably be sold for a fair price or leased for rentals which will materially reduce taxation. Some of these sections are surrounded by National Forest reserves, and according to the Federal laws governing such locations, these tracts may be exchanged for an equal area of timber land in other portions of the public domain. Blocks of such land will be formed into State Forest reserves, serving many useful purposes, if the plans of Mr. Glavis are carried out. Ripe trees may be cut in accordance with the practices of scientific forestry, yielding considerable revenue to the State and serving as a check on the rising price of lumber to the extent of affording welcome relief from the excessive charges of a monopoly.

In addition to these two most notable achievements of Mr. Glavis, the conservation of water and the discovery of forgotten school lands, he is now hard at work on other noteworthy projects.

He is actively co-operating with the National Government in its Conservation work, and has interested the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Fisher, in fathering a Federal water power bill restricting the appropriation of water to applicants who are prepared to develop their franchises for the purpose of serving the actual needs of the public.

The next session of the California Legislature will have to pass upon a number of bills which Mr. Glavis and the Conservation Commission will present. It is his intention that all leases of water rights should be regulated in the interest of rate-payers.

The Commission expects to induce the National Government to reduce its stumpage charges for timber-cutting in its Forest preserves from $2 to $1 a thousand feet. At this rate, competition in the lumber business will be encouraged to the extent of breaking the power of the monopoly, and at the same time affording a much larger revenue to the Nation at large by the increased business which its Bureau of Forestry will transact.

Although Mr. Glavis will ask the Solons of Sacramento to legalize his plans to regulate the cutting of timber on private lands, this radical departure will not antagonize many owners. Even the lumber kings, whose private interests he is interfering with, are learning that in the long run they have more legitimate profit to gain by co-operating with the Conservation Commission than by opposing its measures for the common welfare. Already Mr. Glavis has won over many prominent lumbermen to indorse his plans for planting young trees where timber has been cut, for the purposes of forestalling a future shortage of lumber, of better protecting the water supply, and of preventing devastating floods. And now that the State is stepping in to enforce precautionary measures which will minimize the millions annually lost by forest fires, the owners of timber lands are no longer calling such protection "paternalism."

Another activity of this vigilant Commission will be the improvement of inland waterways so as not only to render the rivers of the State more navigable, but to reclaim vast areas of rich alluvium along their courses by the construction of levees. During the present session of Congress a bill was introduced authorizing the expenditure of thirty-three million dollars for the inprovement of the channels of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. The Government was asked to appropriate one-third of this amount, the State of California was to furnish a second third of this fund, and the property-owners of this great interior valley would subscribe the remainder. Although Congress was not convinced that the country at large would become the beneficiary of this investment, Mr. Glavis is still hoping for better legislative luck next time.

It is not difficult to hazard a guess as to what Glavis may accomplish for Conservation in California during the next few years. The sale or leasing of the school lands, which he resurrected from the records, mummified in the morgues of officialdom, should net the State many millions of dollars. Considerable revenue will be derived from the utilization of water power, and as this inexhaustible natural resource is developed with the growth of manufacturing and the extension of electric traction and lighting, the wealth-yielding possibilities of this public possession will be inestimable. But more than any utilitarian consideration of promoting wealth is the conservation of human welfare. And, again, it is safe to foresee that the health and happiness of the humblest citizen of the Golden State will be an important part of the programme which Louis Glavis and the Conservation Commission will carry out, to the end that California will be a better State to live in than ever before in all its romantic history.

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PETE PROMPTLY INTRODUCED HIMSELF

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JOY SELLING

THE FUN PETE CROWTHER HAD PLAYING THE GAME ON MARTIN

BY ELMER E. FERRIS

WITH DRAWINGS BY G. C WIDNEY

THE LAST OF THE PETE CROWTHER, SALESMAN, SERIES

THE rain was coming down in torrents and dashing in vicious gusts against the hotel windows. Inside the writing-room Pete Crowther was bending over the table intently examining a railway time-card. "He can't leave the Junction till 10:30 to-morrow," he muttered; "and that will put him into Brownsville at 11:30. The only way I can head him off is to drive over. Gee, it's fierce such a night as this!"

He glanced through the window out into the darkness and storm, and then at the cheerful fire blazing in the open fireplace. For a moment he was tempted to stay in the hotel and take his ease, but suddenly he struck the table with his fist. "Nit; it's me for Brownsville!" and he hurried out into the office to find the landlord.

"Say, Reilly, you and I are about the same size; won't that rubber hunting suit of yours fit me?"

"I guess so. Why?"

"I want to rent it for to-night. I've got to drive over to Brownsville. I'll express it back to-morrow."

"You can't rent it, but you can borrow it. Who's going to drive you to Brownsville to-night?"

"I guess Smith will."

"Yes, I guess he will—not."

A few minutes later Pete presented himself at the livery stable.

"Hello, Smith, how's business?"

"Pretty dang quiet to-night. Ain't this a soaker, though?"

"Yes. I've got a job for you."

"Well?"

"I want to drive to Brownsville."

"Come off, Pete! It's twenty-two miles, and darker than pitch. There ain't no team could keep the road to-night."

"Oh, that span of bays could. I've been out nights as bad as this. Be a sport, old man."

"Why, dog-gone it, Pete, a horse couldn't see a foot ahead of him, and the mud is up to the hubs. I bet the bridges are out, too."

"See here, Smith, there's fifteen dollars in it for you if you land me at Brownsville in the morning, and if we can't get through I'll pay you what you say is fair."

"I'll call Dan and see if he wants to drive you. I'll offer him half."

Dan came into the office, looking dubious. "I don't believe we could make it, Pete," said he.

"Look here, Dan, you've got a reputation for nerve. You ought to be willing to tackle it if I am."

"Well, all right; but we will probably get upset in the mud. The bays and the road wagon, I s'pose?" said he to Smith.

"Yes."

After they had pulled out from the stable and plunged into the darkness beyond the outskirts of town Dan grew inquisitive. "Why in the deuce are you taking this drive to-night, when you could go over to the Junction on the morning train and get into Brownsville before noon?"

"That's a fair question," laughed Pete. "You see, there's a man over at Brownsville that's going to buy a big stock of goods for a new store. Martin has got a pull on him, and if he sees him before I do he'll sell him the stock. Martin went over to the Junction this evening, and will get to Brownsville at 11:30 to-morrow. See?"

"Gee, it's a dog's life to travel on the road, ain't it?"

"That depends on your dog. Take Jack there at the livery stable; now he's got his work cut out. He watches the barn and barks up the bus teams when they start for the train, and about once a day he goes up the street and whales the tar out of any dog that stands up to him, and the result is that Jack has got doghood. But take that dog up at the hotel; he lays around in front of the fire and doesn't do a thing but eat and sleep, and he's so fat he can't even run; why, he's no dog. It takes activity and scrapping to make a dog, and it's that way with a man."

"All the same, I could get plenty of activ-

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ity without taking a drive such a night as this."

"Yes; but about once in so often a man ought to tackle a job that has got a kick to it—something that makes him fight for it, like this team trip—then he won't get soft. Gee, I like the flavor of that mud!"

"Say, Pete, there's a fellow in town that's organizing a labor union, and last night, over at the hall, he said that the way things are run nowadays everybody is trying to beat everybody else, and what one man gits he takes away from some one else. Ain't that about so? Here you are driving all night to beat Martin, and he is going to try and beat you, and one of you is goin' to git it in the neck, sure."

"What of it, so long as we play fair? If I drive all night and get the order, won't I earn it? And if Martin doesn't get it he won't starve; he's got a good trade. There's enough chances for all of us, Dan, if we go to it. A man has got to earn it, that's all. That labor organizer was giving you hot air."

"All the same, Martin will feel sore if you beat him to it, and so will you if you lose out."

"Oh, not so very sore. Martin put one over on me last month. He sold Cameron his stock and I got left; but did I grouch around? Not on your life! I had done my best, and I dropped it. It used to give me a pain every time I saw a competitor, but I've got over that good and plenty. It's this way, Dan: The woods are full of competitors. Everybody has got them—preachers and doctors and merchants and liverymen—everybody, and the sooner a man makes up his mind that his competitor has got as much right on earth as he has, why the better for his peace of mind. See?"

"You ought to hear Smith cuss whenever Barton gets a livery customer away from him," said Dan. "Why, he almost throws a fit every time he sees Barton."

"So much the worse for Smith. The thing to do with a competitor is to let him alone, or he will get on your nerves. You take it from me, a man never gets anywhere by knocking his competitors."

"That fellow over at the hall last night said that business these days is war. He said we are all fighting each other instid of working together. Ain't that so, Pete?"

"Oh, maybe there's something in that so far as the big corporations and their employees are concerned, but with the average man, like you and me, that isn't so unless we make it so. If a fellow bucks up to his job and keeps trying to find better ways to do his work, and keeps hustling, he won't get any more war than is good for him; but business isn't war—it's a game, and a man ought to be a sport and play it the way the baseball men do. They don't make a personal matter out of it and hate the man that plays on the other side. Business is a bully old game too. There wouldn't be so much fun in life if you took all the game out of it. That's what makes a man dig his toe corks in. If I don't beat Martin to it to-morrow, why I'll give him a run for his money."

"Ain't you in favor of labor unions, Pete?"

"Why, sure. Laboring men are up against organized capital, and they've got to organize to protect themselves; but organization isn't the whole thing. You take it from me, organization can't get something for nothing and get away with it. Lots of these fellows spend so much time standing on their rights that they never come across with the goods. Organization can't take the place of hustling."

"Whoa!" cried Dan, suddenly. The wagon was settling rapidly upon Pete's side. He sprang out into the mud, and sank nearly to his boot-tops while he braced himself against the wagon, trying to prevent an upset. Dan steadied the horses and handed Pete the lantern. After the wagon was righted Pete wallowed ahead of the horses to investigate. "There's a bad wash-out this side of the road," he called. "I'll go ahead, and you follow the lantern."

After getting past the wash-out Pete clambered back into the wagon. The horses toiled slowly ahead, while the rain continued to pour down in torrents. The conversation grew more desultory, and finally ceased altogether as both men and horses braced themselves for a contest of endurance against the storm. It was about midnight when they came within the sound of a rushing stream.

"We must be coming to Ten-Mile Creek," said Dan. "This is half-way to Brownsville."

The horses suddenly came to a halt and refused to respond to Dan's urging. "Something's the matter up in front," said he. "Hold the lines, Pete," and, seizing the lantern, he sprang from the wagon and went on ahead.

"It's all off!" he called. "The bridge is washed out!"

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Pete jumped out of the wagon and joined Dan at the edge of the stream. The bridge was entirely washed away, with the exception of a single stringer, which had withstood the force of the current, but seemed in momentary danger of giving way.

"The team couldn't wade it, eh, Dan?"

"Nix! It's over ten feet deep. It's back to Dover for us, Pete."

"Not on your life! I'm going to walk across on that stringer."

"Yes, you will!"

"Sure! When I was a kid, I could walk a board fence for a hundred yards without falling off. I bet I can walk that stringer. Is there a farm-house near here on the other side?"

"Yes, Mr. Thomas lives near the creek—first gate on the left."

Pete took the lantern in one hand and his grip and sample-case in the other, and approached the end of the stringer.

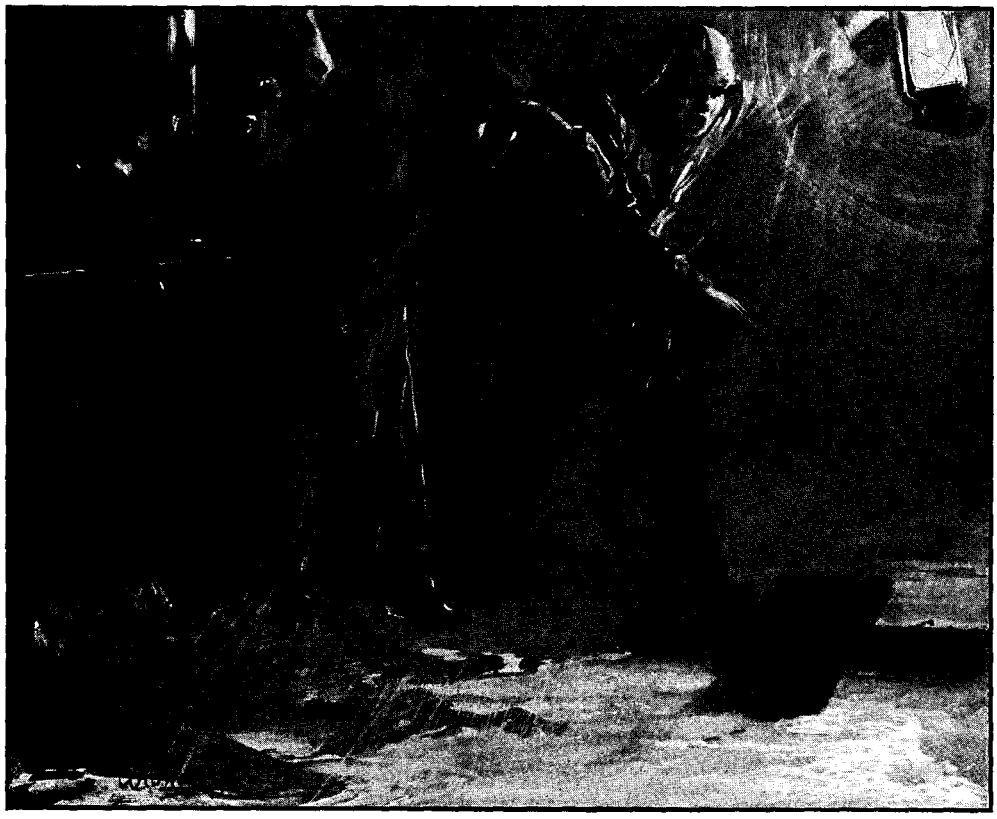
"Hold on, Pete! Thomas has got a big dog that's an ugly brute, and he'll jump you, sure. Here's an iron wrench with a knob on the end. You can paste him one with this."

"Good idea," said Pete, as he slipped the wrench into his coat pocket. "I feel a little like fighting, anyhow. I'll take it out of that dog's hide if he gets too fresh."

The current dashed swiftly against the stringer, overflowing it in places, as Pete made his way cautiously across.

"Good luck, old man!" called Dan, when he saw that Pete had safely reached the other side. "Look out for that dog!"

When Pete reached the gate and turned into the farm-yard, he had proceeded but a few steps when he was suddenly greeted with the furious barking of an angry dog. He dropped his grip and sample-case and drew the wrench from his pocket just as he caught sight of a huge animal bounding toward him with the evident purpose of attacking him. Pete ran toward the brute and shook the lantern in his face, and quickly dealt him a sharp clip upon the side of the head. The dog sprang backward with a snarl, but checked himself and charged again,



"NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I'M GOING TO WALK ACROSS ON THAT STRINGER"

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hurling his whole weight full at Pete's throat. Once more Pete shook the lantern in his face, and this time brought the iron knob down squarely upon his skull with such force as nearly to stun him. Meanwhile he kept up a vigorous "Hello!" toward the farm-house. At this instant a light appeared at the window.

"What do you want out there?" cried Mr. Thomas.

"Call off this dog or I'll knock his block off!" shouted Pete.

The farmer whistled and called the dog, who retreated sullenly toward the house.

"Who be you, and what do you want?" called Mr. Thomas again.

"My name is Crowther. I'm a traveling man, on the way to Brownsville. I want to get in out of this rain. See?"

The farmer opened the door and admitted Pete. "Wall, I swan!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of his mud-bespattered guest. "What are you drivin' for sech a night as this? Where's your team?"

"The other side of the creek. The bridge is washed out."

"I s'pose you want to stay all night."

"Nit. I want you to drive me to Brownsville."

"Not by a darn sight! I've got rheumatiz, and I wouldn't do it, anyway, sech a night as this."

"Haven't you got a hired man that would like to make a few dollars?"

"My man likes to make an extry dollar, and he owns a team, but I bet he wouldn't git up and go out in this storm."

"Let's go up to his room and see."

The farmer took the lantern and led the way upstairs into a sleeping-room.

"Say, Jake," he exclaimed, as he shook the sleeping man vigorously, "there's a traveling man here that wants to go to Brownsville."

"All right," grunted Jake, drowsily; "tell him he kin go."

"But he wants you to drive him," persisted the farmer, giving him another shake.

"Let him go to the devil!" muttered Jake. "Lemme alone."

"I don't want to go to the devil; I want to go to Brownsville. See?" interposed Pete, as he stepped to the bedside. "Look here, Jake, there's fifteen dollars in it for you."

At the words "fifteen dollars" Jake opened his eyes and turned over.

"Cash?" he inquired.

"Sure. See here," and Pete produced a roll of bills. "I'll peel off three of these fives if you land me at Brownsville in the morning."

At the sight of the money the hired man sat up in bed. He glanced at the window, against which the rain was dashing in copious sheets. "It's a deuce of a night to drive in," he muttered.

"Sure it is, and that's why I'm offering you so much money. Do you suppose I'd pay you fifteen dollars if it was moonlight and a macadamized road? Not on your life!"

Pete's money argument produced its effect.

"Can I take your buckboard if I drive my team?" inquired Jake of Mr. Thomas.

"Yes; but you ought to pay me a dollar and a half for the use of it."

"All right. I'll have the team around in about twenty minutes." And Jake jumped out of bed and began to pull on his clothes.

"Do you have to take many trips like this?" asked the hired man after they had pulled out from the farm-yard.

"Oh, I guess about once in six weeks I get into some such mix-up."

"You ought to have pretty good pay. What wages do you git?"

"That's right to the point," laughed Pete. "Well, I get a salary of $300 a month and my expenses paid, and I make commissions, about $1,000 a year, besides."

"Aw, quit your kiddin'!"

"It does sound like it," admitted Pete, "but I'm giving you straight goods."

"Gosh, I wish I could make half of that—I'd be satisfied. I bet you don't work any harder than I do, either."

"How many hours a day do you put in?" asked Pete.

"I git up about half-past four in the morning, and git through about nine at night."

"How much wages do you get?"

"Thirty dollars a month, and I own this team and make about fifteen dollars a month with it."

"How much do you save?"

"Oh, about thirty-five dollars a month. I've got $600 out on interest, and this team is worth $300."

"You've got a pretty good start. What are you going to do—buy a farm after a while?"

"I don't know. I like horses, and I'd rather do teaming than anything else."

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"Not a bad business, either. There's a fellow named Joe Ryan that does the teaming for our company. He owns his teams. He used to be one of our porters at forty-five dollars a month, but he got to teaming and worked into that job. The bookkeeper told me that Joe cleans up over $250 a month. That's going some, eh?"

"I've been thinking about some such job as that," said Jake, eagerly; "but how is a feller going to git at it?"

"You have to lay for your chance and keep hustling," advised Pete. "You take it from me, a man can just about land what he goes after if he plugs hard enough. Maybe I could get you a job with our company as porter, and then you might work your way in with Joe. It would be up to you to make good."

"I'll work like blue blazes if you git me in there."

"I'll see what I can do, and let you know."

It was 6:30 in the morning when the team pulled into Brownsville.

"Shall we go up to the hotel?" asked Jake.

"Nit. We'll drive right up to Stevens's place. I'll inquire where he lives."

After getting directions they proceeded up to Mr. Stevens's residence. Pete alighted and unstrapped his grip and sample-case and handed Jake fifteen dollars. "You go down to the hotel and feed the team and get a warm breakfast, and tell Mac to charge it on my bill."

"Don't forgit about that job, Mr. Crowther," admonished Jake as he shook hands in good-by.

"Sure not. I like the way you do things, Jake. You will hear from me."

When Mr. Stevens appeared at the door, Pete promptly introduced himself.

"Where did you accumulate all that mud?" inquired Mr. Stevens.

"Oh, driving from Dover."

"What, last night?"

"Sure. I was out all night."

"And you want to sell me a stock of groceries," laughed Stevens.

"You're a good guesser," grinned Pete.

"Come in and clean up and take breakfast with us," invited Stevens. "I'm sorry to say that you won't get anything else out of me. You can't sell me any goods. I am going to buy my groceries from—"

"Bond-Mathews & Co.," interrupted Pete with a smile, "and Martin is coming in on the 11:30. That's why I drove over last night. You know, we Dodd, Garrells people are a wide-awake outfit. We keep just that far ahead of our competitors. See?"

"Oh, I guess you have got a good company," admitted Stevens; "but, you know, my brother-in-law has bought from Bond-Mathews for years, and I am personally acquainted with Martin."

"Sure, and he's a good fellow and has got a good company. There's only one better, and that is Dodd, Garrell & Co. Well, I'll take breakfast with you, anyway."

Pete at once became an object of interest to the family, as he described in his jovial way the adventures of the night before.

"Any one would think that you had been taking a joy ride," smiled Mrs. Stevens.

"That's about what it was," asserted Pete. "When a man has got good health and a rubber suit, it's great sport to rough it in a storm, especially when he lands on a breakfast like this. Yes, I will take another muffin, please."

During breakfast Mrs. Stevens had occasion to go into the pantry, and through the open doorway Pete caught sight of a can of Aragon baking-powder upon the pantry shelf.

"You see, Mr. Stevens," said he, "every big company has got some special feature in its business that's a winner. One reason why we do such a big business is because we are the people that put out the Aragon goods. Those Aragon goods, you understand, are the class. When you see that word 'Aragon' on a package—no matter what it is, cocoa, baking-powder, extracts, canned goods, or anything else—why, you can bank on its quality; it's aristocratic stuff. Why, when people use Aragon goods once, you can't get them to change. Take Aragon baking-powder. Now—"

Mr. Stevens and his wife broke into a laugh. "My wife has been telling me that, no matter where I buy my stock, I must put in Aragon baking-powder and cocoa and extracts. We have used them in our family for two years."

"I might have known it!" cried Pete, enthusiastically. "These muffins now—light as a feather! Well, that's good. I'll sell you our Aragon line, anyhow. Mrs. Stevens will back me up."

"I certainly will," said she; "and you ought to get something for your long drive."

After breakfast, when they withdrew to

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the sitting-room, Pete caught sight of a violin box upon the piano. "May I look at your fiddle?" he asked.

"Certainly. Help yourself."

Pete took out the violin and tuned it. After drawing the bow across it a few times he began to inspect the instrument carefully.

Stevens tipped a wink at his wife.

"Where did you get this fiddle?" asked Pete.

"From my father, and he got it from his father."

"You've got a corking good fiddle here."

"Yes; we were offered eighty dollars for it last month."

"Nit; don't take it."

"Certainly not. It isn't for sale. Play us something, Mr. Crowther. My daughter will play your accompaniment."

Pete needed no second invitation, and they were soon making the air vibrate with waltzes, two-steps, and marches. Between selections Pete vented his enthusiasm over the violin. "If you ever get ready to take $100 for it, give me the first chance, will you?"

"Yes; but you won't get the chance. We will never let that violin go out of the family."

Pete placed the instrument back into the case.

"Speaking about those Aragon goods," said he, "it's a big thing for a new store to get a reputation for classy goods, and the beauty of that Aragon line is that, while the goods are the finest quality, the prices are no higher than other companies charge for ordinary goods, and they cost you less than these brands that are advertised so much. I want to show you the line, Mr. Stevens. The best stores in this State are pushing them. They will give any store a reputation. Let's take your price lists now and compare them with some special prices that I'll make you if you will put in the whole Aragon line. We will begin with baking-powder, cocoa, and extracts—you want them, anyway."

An hour later Pete had taken Mr. Stevens's order for the entire Aragon line, including canned fruits, soaps, olives, pickles, teas, cigars, tobaccos, and a miscellaneous line of other fancy groceries.

"There, that's all!" insisted Stevens. "I declare, you've got about half of my order. The rest of it goes to Martin."

"All right," said Pete; "smoke another Aragon cigar. I want to play a little more on that bully old fiddle before I go."

After a few more selections on the violin, Pete suddenly laid the instrument aside.

"See here, Mr. Stevens, I want to give you a little straight talk. You will find after you've been in business a while that it pays to concentrate your trade. You can always get better terms if you buy the bulk of your goods at one place. Now, I've got the best part of your order—the fancy goods—and so I can afford to do better by you on the staples than any one else can. I'm going to offer you a deal that you can't afford to pass up. You are well posted on the prices of staples, and I want you to sit down here and figure with me a few minutes, and I want to give you some inside points on quality."

"It won't do you any good, Crowther."

"Yes, it will. It always makes me feel better when I offer to do a man a good turn."

During the next half-hour they went carefully over the matter.

"Now, you'll have to admit," said Pete, "that this is the best proposition you've had yet, and you know that you are dead safe on quality. It's like picking up a hundred dollars off that table. I couldn't make you this offer if I didn't have the rest of your order."

"Martin will be badly disappointed," mused Stevens, hesitantly.

"So will I if I don't get the whole order. You might as well let the tail go with the hide, and this is purely a business matter. You've got to consult your own interests, and nobody else will make you such an offer as this on the staples alone."

Before the hour of 11:30 arrived Pete had booked Stevens's order for his entire stock, amounting to over $8,000. When the train, which was an hour late, pulled into the station and Martin stepped off and came face to face with Pete, he dropped his sample-case upon the platform and gazed at his competitor in astonishment.

"How did you get here?" he cried.

"I drove from Dover last night."

"In that storm?"

"There was a storm, come to think," grinned Pete.

"After Stevens's order, eh?"

"That's what. And I landed it."

"No!"

"Yes."

"Did you get it all?"

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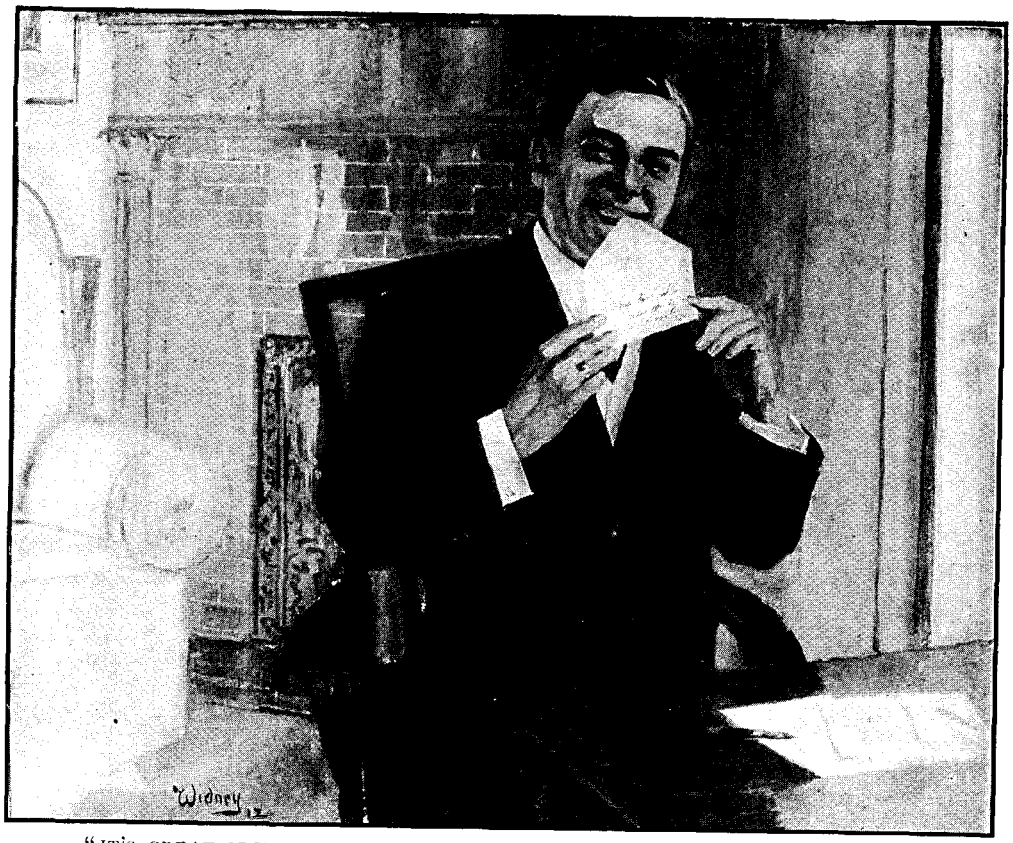

"IT'S GREAT SPORT TO BRING HOME THE BACON," HE WROTE IN CONCLUSION

"Sure, I made a clean-up. You see, old man, I had to even up that Cameron deal."

"Looks like horse and horse," admitted Martin, dubiously. "Where are you going this afternoon?"

"I'm going in to the house. Stevens is coming in to-morrow to change the order some and pick out some of the stuff."

"Well, enjoy yourself, Pete. I know how you feel."

Late that afternoon, when Pete reached the office and presented the situation to Mr. Dodd, that gentleman sat back in his chair and regarded him with a look of mingled satisfaction and envy.

"Great work, Pete, great work!" said he. "It reminds me of the old days. You make me feel like taking a sample-case and striking out again myself. But, say, you haven't had any sleep since night before last. I want you to go up to the best hotel and stop at our expense. Get a good rest. We will try and make a good impression upon Mr. Stevens to-morrow."

On the evening of the following day Pete was sitting in his room at the hotel writing a letter to his wife. He told her about the stirring events of the past two days, describing in detail the incidents of the long night ride, the big order, and the satisfactory day that Mr. Stevens had passed with the company. "It's great sport to bring home the bacon," he wrote in conclusion, "and have everybody at the house give you the glad hand, but, all the same, I'm ready to start out again. A little taffy tastes pretty good, but too much of it is as bad as castor oil. This is a crackajack hotel, and it has got all the dudads that go along with $6 per (the Company pays it), but I've always noticed that when a hotel gets about so high-toned it goes in for a lot of monkey-work that isn't any earthly use, and the people in it swell around too much and don't act natural. I prefer to be where things are more genuine, even if they aren't quite so rashashay. I'll be glad to-morrow when I get out and hit the pike again. A man has the most fun while he is playing the game. PETE."

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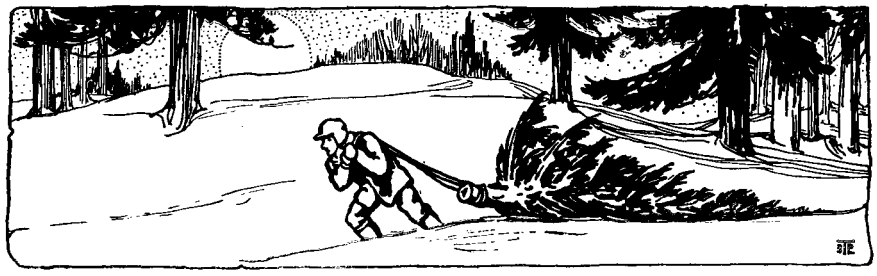

CHRISTMAS WHEN WE WERE KIDS

BY CARL WERNER

ORDINARILY I give little heed to him who begins his story with "Now, when you and I were boys," or, "Yes, indeed; those were the good old days!" Strikes me that all days are good days if they are boy-and-girl days. It is the age of the individual rather than of the day that makes the difference.

My grandfather—he of the Saxon side of the family—once told me a story in this connection that comes to my mind whenever I'm tempted to speak comparatively of departed youth. He was a small boy when he came to this country, and for many years afterward he carried a kind recollection of the cherries that grew on the old homestead that he had left behind. Through all the years, until middle life, he sought in vain for cherries as good as those he had plucked in his childhood on the old farm. He tried red cherries and black cherries, cherries from all parts of the State and from all parts of the United States, but none were as sweet or as satisfying as the fruit of his boyhood days. He resolved that if he ever revisited Europe a feast of those cherries would be the chief event of his tour. Eventually the opportunity came. He was careful to time the voyage so as to reach his destination when cherries were ripe. Arriving in Europe, he lost no time in journeying to the town of his birth, and soon he stood in the old orchard beneath the trees. It was a supreme moment. The craving of half a lifetime was to be gratified. With eager hand he plucked a luscious cluster and conveyed the fruit to his mouth. The next moment he had spat it upon the ground. The cherries were unpalatable and impossible, and he took his departure with face awry and lips a-pucker.

"You see," he used to tell me, "the fruit was as good as ever; it was I who had changed, not the cherries."

So, when I am moved to prate of the superior qualities of the old swimming-hole and the games we used to play and the pies our mothers used to make, I think of Grandfather's cherries and hold my peace.

Nevertheless, and in spite of the cher-

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ries, I doubt very much if our boys and girls get as much fun out of Christmas as you and I did. Not that their capacity for enjoyment is less, but that our opportunities were greater. Location has much to do with it, and the boy in the country and in the small town—and such most of us were—has the best of it in a hundred ways.

Diminishing frugality, which marks the passing generations, has to do with it also; for it is unquestionable that affluence acts as a check to the pleasures of giving and receiving.

I try to make my boy's Christmases as joyous as mine were; but it is hard to overcome the disadvantage of his misfortune in being a child of the city. I cannot give him the broad expanse of starlit sky to gaze at on Christmas Eve from his bedroom window. I cannot give him the snow-topped roofs of the neighboring houses, with the smoke going straight up from the chimneys in silent columns, or the jingling of sleigh-bells, or the fairy frostings on the window-pane, or the soft footfalls of travelers along the village road, all of which added so much to the delicious mystery of the night before. I cannot give him the brilliant Christmas mornings, the broad, snow-covered meadow sparkling like a blanket of white diamonds, the hills to coast on, the ponds for skating, the drifts to tunnel through, or the sleigh-ride out to Grandfather's farm.

Ah, those *were* the Christmas mornings, in spite of the cherry story—speaking of Grandfather reminds me of it—and those *were* the good old times!

And really, when you come to think of it, doesn't it strike you that children of our time were more imaginative and less mercenary than children of to-day? Weren't they more prone to accept things as they found them, and less given to digging into intrinsic values?

I know a little chap who came down to his Christmas tree last year and surveyed the display with a smile of mild interest, until his eye fell upon a certain little gray horse on wheels. Then he sniffed contemptuously.

"Huh!" he said, as he turned his back to it; "that came from the five-and-ten!"

He was right, in point of fact, but—

Well, it wasn't like that when we were kids, *was* it? Of course I don't hold the children responsible for the transition. I think the child's attitude toward Christmas is just about as the parents make it. Now, when I've spent two hours of an evening hanging candies and glass folderols on the Christmas tree, I feel that I have done all that could be expected of me, except footing the bills. But have I? Why, trimming the tree was only an incident, a mere finishing touch to the Christmases our fathers and mothers used to make for us. The best things we found in our stockings were the toys made by Santa Claus—a real flesh-and-blood Santa Claus in shirt-sleeves and overalls, out in the woodshed, after we had gone to our dreams. And that same Santa Claus used to cut the tree himself, and haul it in from the woods on Christmas Eve.

I recall one winter when a terrific blizzard set in just before the holidays, and the little up-State town in which we lived was snow-bound. It was utterly impossible for any one to get out of the village or into it. The Christmas tree problem seemed insoluble, and, although I did not know it then, my father and mother were sorely perplexed. I am sure there was much anxious discussion in the late evening as the great day drew near. Christmas Eve arrived, and the fury of the storm was unabated. Sundry preparatory hints were thrown out, so that our disappointment would be less keen. But our supreme confidence in the mythical saint was not shaken.

I remember that the awful possibil-

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ity of his failure did occur to us, momentarily, on Christmas morning as we tumbled out of bed, and that we went more fearfully down the stairs in consequence; but, oh, joy! there in its usual corner stood the expected blaze of green and goodies and glory!

We never knew until a week later, when the ceremony of stripping the tree was over—and it *was* a ceremony in those days—that Santa Claus had failed us, after all. Of course by that time the fun was over, and we didn't care.

How do you think they accomplished the impossible? I can imagine them standing over our cot that evening, when we were asleep, looking at our rosy, expectant faces, and how their hearts may have ached in contemplating the disappointment of the morrow. And I can imagine how my father may have suddenly slapped his thigh and cried, "By George!" under his breath, as he was wont to do when an idea came to him. And I can imagine with what feverish pleasure they set about putting the inspiration into effect.

It happened that among our house plants we had two, an oleander and an orange tree, that had grown to very large proportions. Taken out of their jars and put together in a single tub they made a very respectable showing. Of course the two trunks had to be wound together with brown cloth to make them look like one, and several extra pans of corn had to be popped and strung to fill the gaps in the foliage, and unusual ingenuity had to be exercised in making the candles stick on the slender branches. But all of this extra work was a labor of love; and, as a result of it, that tree, without a doubt, was the most radiantly beautiful one we had ever seen.

I can't help believing that the Christmases at which the parental love is paramount to the parental pocketbook are the happiest for the children as well as for the parents. Not attempting to fathom the psychology of it, I believe that in the giving which entails sacrifice there is an added joy which is transmitted to those who receive.

I never doubted that my new rocking-horse, dappled and rampant, came direct from Santa Claus. I did not know that my father, with crude tools and an amateur hand, had spent his winter evenings in fashioning the thing—when his pipe and book were calling him to an easy chair by the fireside. Nor did I know that every stitch in the woolen scarf that went twice around my neck, crossed over my chest, and doubled around my waist was worked by my mother's patient hands.

But I do know that through some mysterious means I felt the love and devotion that were breathed into these things with the making; to the end that my sense of appreciation was keener. I believe that the spirit of this kind of Christmas preparation diffuses itself throughout the household and reaches the heart of every member, from the oldest down to the babe in arms.

Not that every father and mother ought to sit up nights making rocking-horses and things for the kiddies. No, no; I'm just throwing in the suggestion that the lack of this sort of thing may partly account for the difference between the Christmases of then and now. For my part, I could no more make a rocking-horse than I could make a piano—and I can't even play one (I mean a piano). Once I essayed to fashion an elephant out of a small block of wood, and I left it on the boy's pillow as a surprise for him. Next morning I found him sailing it in the bath-tub. He thought it was a battleship!

Speaking of toys, why, even the store kind seem to have changed in general character since our day. Don't you think so? Of course there are certain old staples that will go on forever, but

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there are thingumajigs that there never used to be. Now my recollection of Christmas morning shows me an array of rather substantial things, such as tool-chests and fishing-rods and drums and jackknives (one every year), and a wooden velocipede, and an all-over cap that covered even my chin and had eye-holes in it to see through, and skates with heel-plates (do you remember the heel-plates ?), and always a few books. We didn't have so many of these mechanical contrivances that let you wind them up a few times and then stop and refuse to be wound up or to run down or to do anything but submit to being dissected by the young gentleman, who is secretly delighted at an excuse for ripping the insides out of 'em. We had a few baubles, to be sure, such as trumpets and jacks-in-the-box and monkey-on-the-sticks—what *is* the plural for those things, anyhow ?—but even that sort of toy was more durable than it is nowadays, it seems to me.

I recall a pair of stilts—and who sees any stilts around these parts ?—and mittens, and mufflers, and sleds, smelling very painty, and a pair of copper-toed boots.

Oh, those copper-toed boots ! Not boots *à la* English, meaning anything other than bath slippers, but real American boots, reaching nearly to the knee, with straps on the sides, and red tops, and a strip of bright copper in either toe. Oh, that first pair of boots, just like a man's, only handsomer ! I couldn't have been more than four years old, but I recall the occasion distinctly—how proud I was, and how they laughed when they came to my bed the next morning and saw the copper toes sticking out at the foot-board ! I had slept all night with my boots on !

And oh, those sleds ! those sturdy, steep-hill-going, red-painted sleds ! We used to gather on the hill by the old school-house on Christmas mornings to try out the new ones. There was sex in sleds, too, those days. The boy-sleds were built low and long and sturdy, with handles on the sides and solid wooden runners. Grown-up people called them coasters, I believe, but they were known in boyland by the frankly intimate name of " belly-whackers." In general outline they resembled somewhat the flexible flyers of to-day, but with considerably less of the flexible and infinitely mor of the "whack." The girl-sleds were higher, lighter, and built on more graceful lines. They were more decorative, too, and usually bore the picture of a supercilious swan floating on a small patch of pea-green water, or else a cluster of vivid flowers. Sometimes added to this was the name of the good little girl who owned it.

I remember one such particularly. I encountered it, and—horrors !—almost stumbled over it, trailing behind its possessor, just as I was starting up the hill after my first slide of the morning. It was a spick-span new one, only an hour from the Christmas tree. Its top was decorated with a magnificent painting representing a wreath of pink roses, and within the wreath was the name " Blanche." Guess I'd never observed Blanche at close range until then, for when she turned a pair of brown eyes upon me at my offer to tote her sled up the hill I felt something flutter under my jacket. She seemed all daintiness and beauty, and I all mittens and boots. But she was exceedingly gracious, I remember, and when we reached the top of the hill she urged me to try the new sled myself, which I did. And then we tried it together, to see if it couldn't go faster with two on—which *it* did. And then she proposed that we slide down one more together—which *we* did. And this we continued to do, going down like the wind, with her curls

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brushing my cheek as they streamed out behind, and walking up very slowly, with our hands together on the rope, until the distant whistle of the 12:02 train told us it was noon and dinner-time. I remember how those long lashes drooped when I said "Good-by," and how deliciously happy and disgracefully red I was when she answered, shyly, "I'll be here again to-morrow."

I went home whistling, my battle-scarred belly-whacker scraping along in the rear, forlorn and forgotten. The happiness of conquest was in my heart.

Oh, those first romances! those first little heart-affairs of the ante-teens! Looking back through the dim vista, what do you find in later years that is half so simple or half so sweet?

And yet, do you know, I'm jiggered if I have the faintest recollection of ever seeing that little girl again. Funny, isn't it? I remember clearly that we had turkey for dinner, and that I "spoke first" for the wishbone, and that I almost quarreled with my sister over it—although why it mattered which "choosed it" first is inexplicable, as it required both of us to wish with it. I remember that my sister took an exasperatingly long time to decide what she would wish for, and that just as we were ready to pull she said, "Wait a minute," and started to think of a new wish, having disposed of the first one by exercising the prerogative universally conceded to members of her sex; and how we kept hitching up our fingers toward the top, each having a secret notion of getting a little more leverage than the other, until one would cry, "No fair!" after which we would start down at the ends again, only to repeat the process. And I remember how, finally, my father was summoned to act as umpire, and how, after a few more false starts, we pulled, only to have the hub fly off independently and impartially, all by itself, which was taken to signify that neither wish could be realized.

Oh, yes! And I remember that the next morning, while we were playing "shinny" on the mill-pond, a boy made a face and chanted the name of the brown-eyed girl at me in a voice of extraordinary carrying power and a tone of unmistakable derision, and that I was filled with wrath and humiliation and there was a fight on skates in which considerable execution was done on both sides.

Blanche, you sweet little girl with the brown eyes, I wonder what you are like this Christmas morning!

Fair, fat, and forty, like the rest of them, possibly. Still, it is hard to fancy you different from what you were at ten. Stoutish you may be, for you were plumpish then; nearing forty surely, for so am I; but still fair, radiantly fair, and gracious without the shadow of a doubt, for eyes like those and the grace with which you extended me the hospitality of your beflowered namesake will defy the ebb and flow of fortune and the flight of time.

There's no use talking, these snowless Christmases of the big cities are not the simon-pure article. Why, whenever it snows around our place my youngsters awaken in the morning, begging me to promise that I'll not clear the sidewalk until they've had a chance to play on it. Generally I promise, in defiance of repeated warnings from the officer on the beat, whose attitude on the question is decidedly belligerent. On these occasions I think of my own boy time, when from Thanksgiving till near Easter time there wasn't a spot of bare ground as big as your hand; I think of the quarter-mile hill, of the little river on which we could skate four miles straight away; I think of the tunnels we used to dig through huge drifts, and of the fine forts we used to build, breast-high and roomy enough for a small army. I think of these things on

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snowless Christmas mornings, and I feel that somehow I'm not giving the youngsters a square deal.

However, as far as the snow is concerned, there's plenty of it outside of the larger cities, and the joys of the old-fashioned winter are not becoming extinct by any means. No doubt there are quite as many rivers to skate on and hills to coast down and tunnels being bored and forts being raised as there were in my time; and I'm mighty glad if there are, even if my own kids, paying the price of the Call of the Town, are not among the fortunates.

But there is, in the last analysis, one great common and deplorable shortage in the measure of to-day's Christmas, when we match it with the Yuletide that you and I knew as boys. It is the decadency of that element of surprise—of the unexpected. There is too much taking of children through the stores, too much parading them before the shop windows and showing them what they are going to get, and, incidentally, what they are not going to get. There is too much counseling with them and having it all understood beforehand. There is more realism than there was in our time and less of mystery; more of the matter-of-fact and less of the fanciful.

Another aspect of the overdone modern Christmas was once described by a writer of great common sense in these words: "The great majority of Christmas givers expect to receive as much as they give. In many cases the Christmas gift actually breeds selfishness instead of good will and gratitude. A proportion, if not a large proportion, of the Christmas morning action on the part of children and adults consists of criticism of the people who have made them presents; and much of this criticism is cruel and contemptible." This writer adds: "I would try to make our distorted Christmas a real Christian Christmas, to carry out the spirit of gratitude to God and of good will to men. I would not do away with the Christmas gift, but I would try to teach both the adult and the child that swapping and trading are not giving, and that the only gift that is a gift is that which comes from the heart of the giver who expects no material return."

If our children are to get as much out of Christmas as we got out of it, we must give them the mystic atmosphere of the unknown, the pleasure of undirected anticipation. It is the uncertainty of the evening and the unexpectedness of the morning that makes the home a fairyland at Christmas time.

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Motherhood

By Francis Day

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THE FIRST MUSIC LESSON

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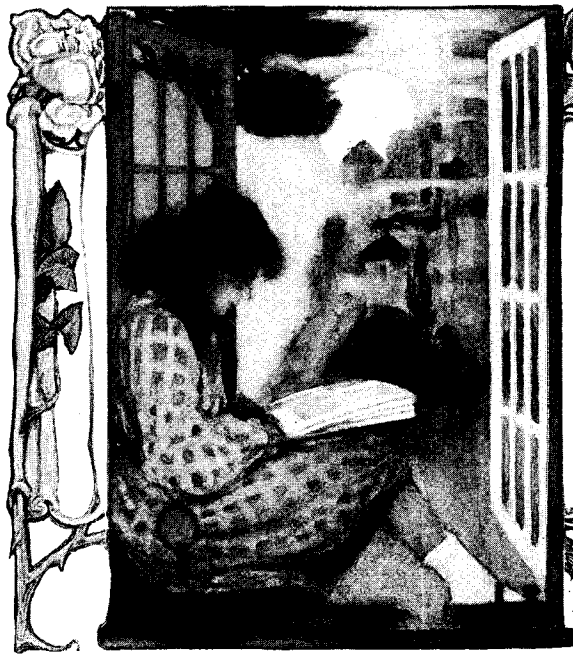

CHILDREN IN BOOKLAND

BY

ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

THE SECOND OF A NEW SERIES ON AMERICAN CHILDREN

ONE day, not long ago, a neighbor of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of honored memory, was talking to me about him. Among the score of charming anecdotes of the dear Colonel that she told me, there was one, the most delightful of all, that related to the time-worn subject of the child in the library. "As a family we were readers," she said. "The importance of reading had been impressed upon our minds from our earliest youth. All of us liked to read, excepting one sister, younger than I. She cared little for it; and she seldom did it. I was a mere child, but so earnestly had I always been told that children who did not read would grow up ignorant that I worried greatly over my sister who would not read. At last I unburdened my troubled mind to Colonel Higginson. 'She doesn't like to read; she doesn't read,' I confided. 'I am afraid she will grow up ignorant; and then she will be ashamed! And think how we shall feel!' The Colonel considered my words in silence for a time. Then he said: 'There is a large and finely selected library in your house; don't be disturbed regarding your sister, my dear. She will not grow up ignorant. You see, she is exposed to books! She is certain to get something of what is in them!'"

Colonel Higginson's neighbor went on to say that from that day she was no longer haunted by the fear that her sister, because she did not read, would grow up ignorant. Are many of us in that same condition of feeling with respect to the children of our acquaintance, even after we have provided them with as excellent a library as had that other child, in which they may be "exposed to books"? On the contrary, so solicitous are we that, having furnished to the best of our knowledge the best books, we do not rest until we are reasonably sure that the children are, not simply getting something from them, but getting it at the right times and in the right ways. And everything and every one conspires to help us. Publishers issue volumes by the dozen with such titles as "The Children's Reading" and "A Guide to Good Reading" and "Golden Books for Children." The librarian of the "children's room" in many a library sets apart a certain hour of each week or each month for the purpose of telling the children stories from the books that we are all agreed the children should read, hoping by this means to inspire the boys and girls to read the particular books for themselves. No effort is regarded as too great if, through it, the children seem likely to acquire the habit of using books; using them for work, and using them for recreation.

Certainly our labors in this direction on behalf of the children are amply rewarded.

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Not only are American children of the present time fond of reading—most children of other times have been that; they have a quite remarkable skill and ease in the use of books.

A short while ago, spending a spring week-end with a friend who lives in the country, I chanced to see a brilliant scarlet bird which neither my hostess nor I could identify. "It was a redbird, I suppose," I said, in mentioning it later to a city acquaintance.

"What *is* a redbird?" she asked. "Is it a cardinal, or a tanager, or something still different?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Perhaps," I added, turning to her little girl of ten who was in the room, "*you* know; children learn so much about birds in their 'nature study.'"

"No," the child answered; "but," she supplemented, confidently, "I can find out."

Several days afterward she came to call. "Do you remember *exactly* the way that red bird you saw in the country looked?" she inquired, almost as soon as she saw me.

"Just red, I think," I said.

"Not with black wings?" she suggested.

"I hardly think so," I answered.

"P'aps it had a few *white* feathers in its wings?" she hinted.

"I believe not," I said.

"Then," she observed with an air of finality, "it was a cardinal grosbeak; and the other name for that *is* redbird; so you saw a redbird. The scarlet tanager is red, too, but it has black wings, and it isn't called a redbird; and the crossbill is red, with a few *white* feathers, and *it* isn't called a redbird either. Only the cardinal grosbeak is. That was what you saw," she repeated.

"And who told you all this?" I queried.

"Nobody," the little girl made reply. "I looked it up in the library."

She was only ten. "How did you look it up?" I found myself asking.

"First," she explained, "I picked out the birds on the bird charts that were red. The charts told their names. Then I got out a bird book, and looked till I found where it told about those birds."

"Do you look up many things in the library?" I questioned.

"Oh, yes," the child replied.

"And do you always find them?" I continued.

"Not always by myself," she confessed. "Everything isn't as easy to look up as birds. But when I can't, there is always the librarian, and she helps; and when she is helping, 'most *anything* gets found!"

The public library of my small friend's city, not being the library I habitually used, was only slightly familiar to me. Not long after I had been so earnestly assured that the scarlet bird I had seen was a redbird, I made occasion to go to the library in which the information had been gathered. It was such a public library as may be seen in very nearly every small city in the United States. Built of stone; lighted and heated according to the most approved modern methods; divided into "stack-rooms" and "reading-rooms" and "receiving-rooms"—it was that "typical American library" of which we are, as we should be, so proud. I did not ask to be directed to the "children's room;" I simply followed a group of children who had come into the building with me.

The "children's room," too, was "typical." It was a large, sunny place, furnished with low bookcases, small tables, and chairs. Around two walls, above the shelves, were pictures of famous authors and celebrated scenes likely to be known to children. At one end of the room the bird charts of which I had so interestingly heard were posted, together with flower charts and animal charts, of which I had not been told. At the other end was the desk of the librarian, who so helped young investigators that, when she helped, *anything* got found.

I seated myself at the little table nearest her desk. She smiled, but she said nothing. Neither did I say anything. The time of day was just after school; the librarian was too much occupied to talk to a stray visitor. I remained for fully an hour; and during that hour a steady stream of children passed in and out of the room. Some of them selected books, and, having obtained them, departed; others stayed to read, and others walked softly about, examining the pictures and charts. All of them, whatever their various reasons for coming to the library, began or ended their visits in conference with the librarian. They spoke just above a whisper, as befitted the place, but I was near enough to hear all that was said.

"We want to give a play at school the last day before Christmas vacation," said one small girl; "is there a good one here?"

The librarian promptly recommended and put into the child's hands a little volume entitled "Fairy Tales a Child Can Read and Act."

A boy, entering rather hurriedly, asked,

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"Could I have a book that tells how to make a wireless set—and have it quick, so I can begin to-day before dark?"

It was not a moment before the librarian found for him a book called "Wireless Telegraphy for Amateurs and Students."

Another boy, less on pleasure bent, petitioned for "a book about Abraham Lincoln that will tell things to put in a composition on him." And a girl, at whose school no Christmas play was apparently to be given, asked for "a piece of poetry to say at school just before Christmas." For these two, as for all who preceded or followed them, the librarian had help.

"How wonderful, how unique!" exclaimed an Italian friend to whom I related the experiences of that afternoon hour in the "children's room" in the library of that small city.

But it seems to me that the wonderful thing about it is that it is not unique; that in almost any "children's room" in almost any public library in America practically the same condition prevails. Not only are "children's rooms" of a very fine order to be found in great numbers; children's librarians, as sympathetic and as capable as the librarian of my small friend's library, in as great numbers, are in charge of those rooms. So recognized a profession has theirs come to be that, connected with one of the most prominent libraries in the country, there is a "School for Children's Librarians."

The "children's librarians" do not stop at assisting them in choosing books. The story hour has come to be as important in the "children's rooms" as it is now in the school, as it has always been in the home. Telling stories to children has grown to be an art; there is more than one text-book laying down its "principles and laws." Many a librarian is also an accomplished story-teller, and in an increasing number of libraries there is a story hour in the "children's rooms." Beyond question, we in America have taken every care that our public libraries shall mean something more to the boys and girls than places in which they are merely "exposed to books."

American children read; it is doubtful whether any other children in the world read so much or so intelligently. In our public libraries we plan with such completeness for their reading that they can scarcely escape becoming readers! At home we keep constantly in mind the great importance of inculcating in them a love of books and a wontedness in their use. To so many of their questionings we reply by advising, "Get a book about it from the library." So many of the fundamental lessons of life we first bring to their attention by putting into their hands books treating of those lessons written by experts—written, moreover, expressly for parents to give to their boys and girls to read.

A few days ago I received a letter from a mother saying: "Do you know of a book on hygiene that I can give to my children to read—a book on that subject *for* children?"

Within reach of my hand I had such a book, entitled "The Child's Day," a simply but scientifically written little volume, telling children what to do from the hour of rising until the hour of retiring, in order to keep well and strong, able to do good work at school, and to enjoy as good play after school. It was a book that a child not only could read with profit, but would read with pleasure.

At about the same time a father said to me: "Is there any book written for children about good citizenship—a sort of primer of civics, I mean? I require something of that kind for my boy."

A book to meet that particular need, too, was on my book-shelves. "Lessons for Junior Citizens," it is called. In the clearest and also the most charming form it tells the boys and girls about the government, national and local, of their country, and teaches them their relation to that government.

It is safe to say that there is practically no subject so mature that it is not now the theme of a book, or a score of books, written especially for children. Every one of the numerous publishing houses in the United States issues yearly as many good volumes of this particular type as are submitted. A century ago a new writer was most likely to win the interest of a publisher by sending him a manuscript subtitled, "A Novel." At the present time a beginner can more quickly awaken the interest of a publisher by submitting a manuscript the title of which contains the words "For Children."

"Authors' editions" of books we have long had offered us by publishers; "*éditions de luxe*," too; and "limited editions of fifty copies, each copy numbered." These are all old in the world of books. What is new, indeed, is the "children's edition." We have it in many shapes, from "Dickens for Chil-

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dren" to "The Children's Longfellow." These volumes find their way into the "children's rooms" of all our public libraries; and, quite as surely, they help to fill the "children's bookcases" in the private libraries to be found in a large proportion of American homes. For no public library can take the place in the lives of the children of a private library made up of their "very own" books. The public library may, however, often have a predominant share in determining the selection of those "very own" books. The children wish to possess such books as they have read in the "children's room."

Sometimes a child has still another similar reason for wishing to own a certain book. Only the other day I had a letter from a boy to whom I had sent a copy of "The Story of a Bad Boy." "I am glad to have it," he said. "The library has it, and father has it. I like to have what the library and father have."

So parents buy books for their children in very much the proportions that parents bought them before the land was dotted with public libraries. Indeed, they buy books in larger proportions, for the reason that there are so many more books to be bought! The problem of the modern father or mother is not, as it once was, to discover a volume likely to interest the children; but, from among the countless volumes offered for sale, all certain to interest the children, to choose one, two, or three that seem most excellent where all are so good. A mother of a few generations ago whose small boy was eager to read tales of chivalry simply gave him "Le Morte d'Arthur;" there was no "children's edition" of it, no "Boy's King Arthur," no "Tales of the Round Table." The father whose little girl desired to read for herself the stories of Greece he had told her put into her hands Bulfinch's "Age of Fable;" he could not, as can fathers to-day, give her Kingsley's rendering, or Hawthorne's, or Miss Josephine Preston Peabody's. Like the father of Aurora Leigh,

> "He wrapt his little daughter in his large
> Man's doublet, careless did it fit or no."

At the present time we do not often see a child wrapped in a large man's doublet of a book; even more seldom do we see a father careless if it fit or no. What we plainly behold is that doublet cut down, and most painstakingly fitted to the child's little mind.

Unquestionably the children lose something by this. The great books of the world do not lend themselves well to making over. "Tales from Shakespeare" are apt to leave out Shakespeare's genius and "Stories from Homer" are not Homer. In cutting the doublet to fit, the most precious part of the fabric is in danger of being sacrificed.

But whatever the children lose when they are small, they find again when they come to a larger growth. Most significant of all, when they find it, they recognize it. A little girl who is a friend of mine had read Lamb's "Tales." The book had been given to her when she was eight years old. She is nine now. One day, not long ago, she was lingering before my bookcases, taking out and glancing through various volumes. Suddenly she came running to me, a copy of "As You Like It" in her hand. "This story is in one of my books!" she cried.

"Yes," I said; "your book was written from this book, and some of those other little red books there with it in the bookcase."

The child went back to the bookcase. She took down all the other volumes of Shakespeare, and, sitting on the rug with them, she spent an utterly absorbed hour in turning over their leaves. Finally she scrambled to her feet and set the books back in their places. "I've found which stories in these books are in my book too," she remarked. "Mine are easier to read," she added; "but yours have lovely talk in them!"

Had she not read Lamb's "Tales" at eight I am not certain she would have ventured into the wide realms of Shakespeare at nine, and tarried there long enough to discover that in those realms there is "lovely talk."

Occasionally, to be sure, the children insist upon books being easy to read, and refuse to find "lovely talk" in them if they are not. It was only a short time ago that I read to a little boy Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin." When I had finished there was a silence. "Do you like it?" I inquired.

"Ye-es," replied my small friend; "it's a nice story, but it's nicer in my book than in yours. I'll bring it next time I come, so you can read it."

He did. The story was told in prose. It began, "There was once a town named Hamelin, and there were so many rats in it that the people did not know what to do." Certainly this is "easier to read" than the forty-two lines which the poem uses to make an identical statement regarding the town

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named Hamelin. My little friend is only six. I hope that by the time he is twelve he will think the poem is as "nice" as, if not "nicer" than, the story in his book. At least he may be impelled by the memory of his pleasure in his book to turn to my book and compare the two versions of the tale.

The children of to-day, like the children of former days, read because they find in books such stuff as dreams are made of; and, in common with the children of all times, they must needs make dreams. Like the boys and girls of most eras, they desire to make also other, more temporal, things. To aid them in this there are books in quantities and of qualities not even imagined by the children of a few generations ago. The book the title of which begins with the words "How to Make" is perhaps the most distinctive product of the present-day publishing house. No other type of book can so effectively win to a love for reading a child who seems indifferent to books; who, as a boy friend of mine used to say, "would rather hammer in nails than read." The "How to Make" books tell such a boy how to hammer in nails to some purpose. I happened to see recently a volume called "Boys' Make-at-Home Things." With much curiosity I turned its pages—pages illustrated with pictures of the make-at-home things of the title—glancing at directions for constructing a weather-vane, a tent, a sled, and a multitude of smaller articles. I thought of my boy friend. "Do you think he would care to have the book?" I inquired of his mother over the telephone.

"Well, I *wish* he would care to have *any* book!" she replied. "If you want to *try* this one—" She left the sentence unfinished, unless a sigh may be regarded as a conclusion.

I did try the book. "This will tell you how to have fun with your tools," I wrote, when I sent it to the boy.

Except for a laconic note of thanks, I heard nothing from my young friend about the book. One day last week I chanced to see his mother. "What do you think I am doing this afternoon?" she said. "I am getting a *book* for my son, at his own request! He is engrossed in that book you sent him. He is making some of the things described in it. But he wants to make something *not* mentioned in it, and he actually asked me to see if I could find a book that told how!"

"So he likes books better now?" I commented.

"Well—I asked him if he did," said the boy's mother; "and he said he didn't like '*booky*' books any better, but he liked this kind, and always would have, if he'd known about them."

Whether my boy friend will learn early to love "booky" books is a bit doubtful, perhaps; certainly, however, he has found a companion in one kind of book. He has made the discovery quickly, too; for he has had "Boys' Make-at-Home Things" less than a month.

It was an easy matter for that boy's mother to get for her son the particular book he desired. She lives in a city; at least three large public libraries are open to her. As for book-shops, there are more within her reach than she could possibly visit in the course of a week, much less in an afternoon.

The mothers who live in the country cannot so conveniently secure the books their boys and girls may wish or need. I know one woman, the mother of two boys, living in the country, who has to exercise considerable ingenuity to provide her sons with books of the "How to Make" kind. There is no public library within available distance of the farm-house which is her home, and she and her husband cannot afford to buy many books for their children. The boys, moreover, like so great a variety of books that, in order to please them, it is not necessary to select a book that is not "booky." Their parents are lovers of great literature. "I cannot bring myself to buy a book about how to make an aeroplane, for instance," their mother said to me one day, "when there are so many wonderful books they have not read, and would enjoy reading. Since I must limit my purchase of books, I really think I ought to choose only the *real* books for the boys; and yet they want to make things with their hands, like other boys, and there is no way to teach them how except through books. My husband has no time for it, and there is no one else to show them."

The next summer I went to spend a few days with my friend in the country. The morning after my arrival her boys proposed to take me "over the place." At the lower edge of the garden, to which we presently came, there was a little brook. Across it was a bridge. It was plainly to be seen that this bridge was the work of the boys. "How very nice it is!" I remarked.

"We made it," the older of the boys instantly replied.

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"Who showed you how?" I queried, wondering, as I spoke, if my friend had, after all, changed her mind with respect to the selection of books for her children, and chosen one "How to Make" volume.

"It told how in a book," the younger boy said. "A Latin book father studied out of when he was a boy. There was a picture of the bridge; and on the pages in the back of the book the way to make it was all written out in English—father had done it when he was in school. It was a long time before we could *quite* see how to do it; but mother helped, and the picture showed how, and father thought we could do it if we kept at it. And it is really a good bridge—you can walk across on it."

When the boys and I returned to the house my friend greeted me with a merry smile. As soon as we were alone she exclaimed, "I have *so* wanted to write to you about our bridge, patterned on Cæsar's! But the boys are so proud of it, they like to 'surprise' people with it—not because it is like a bridge Cæsar made, but because it is a bridge they have made themselves!"

Another friend of mine, the mother of a little girl, has had a different problem, centering around the necessity of books for children, to solve. She, too, lives in the country, and her little girl is a pupil at the neighboring district school. During a visit in the city home of a cousin the small girl had been a spectator at the city child's "school play," which happened to consist of scenes from "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." When she returned home, she wished to have such an entertainment in her school. "Dearest," her mother said, "we have no books of plays children could act."

"Couldn't we do the one they did at Cousin Rose's school?" was the next query. "Papa says we have *that*."

"I am afraid not," her mother demurred. "Ask your teacher."

The child approached her teacher on the subject. "No," the teacher said, decisively. "'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' is too long and too hard. Read it, and you'll see. But," she sagely added, "if you can find anything that is suitable, and can persuade the other children to act in it, I will help you all I can."

That evening, at home, the little girl read "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." "Mamma," she suddenly cried, as she neared the end, "my teacher says this is too long and too hard for us children to do. But we *could* do the play that the people *in it* do—don't you think? It is *very* short, and all the children will like it because it is about poor Pyramus and Thisbe, that we have all read about in school. It isn't *just* the same as the way it was in the story we read; but it is about them—and the wall, and the lion, and everything! Don't you think we could do it? They did the fairy part when I saw it at Cousin Rose's school, and not this at all. But couldn't *we?*"

"I did not like to discourage her," my friend said when she related the tale to me. "*All* the other children were willing and eager to do it, so her teacher couldn't refuse, after what she had said, to help them. I helped with the rehearsals, too, and I doubt if the teacher or I ever laughed so much in all our lives as we did at that time—when there were no children about! The children were so sweet and serious over their play! They acted it as they would have acted a play on the subject of Pyramus and Thisbe written especially for them. *They* weren't funny. No; they were perfectly lovely. What was so irresistibly comic, of course, was the difference between their performance and one's remembrance of regular performances of it—to say nothing of one's thoughts as to what Shakespeare would have said about it. How those children will laugh when they are grown up! They will have something to laugh at that will last them a lifetime. But *poor* Shakespeare!"

I did not echo these final words of my friend. For does not Shakespeare rather particularly like to bless us with the laugh that lasts a lifetime, even if—perhaps especially if—it be at our own expense?

Books are such integral parts of the lives of present-day children, especially in America. Their elders appreciate, as possibly the grown-ups of former times did not quite so fully appreciate, the importance of books in the education of the boys and girls. It may even be that we over-emphasize it a bit. We send the children to the book-shelves for help in work and for assistance in play. In effect, we say to them, "Read, that you may be able to mark, learn, and inwardly digest." It is only natural that the boys and girls should read for a hundred reasons, instead of for the one reason of an older day—the pursuit of happiness in the mere reading itself. "How can you sit idly reading a book when there are so many useful things you might

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be doing?" was the question often put to the children of yesterday by their elders. To-day we feel that the children can hardly do anything likely to prove more useful than reading a book. Is not this because we have taught them, not only to read, but to read for a diversity of reasons?

American children are so familiarly at home in the world of books. It should not surprise us to find them occasionally taking rather a practical, every-day view of some of the things read. A little girl friend of mine chanced to begin her reading of Shakespeare during a winter when her grown-up relatives were spending a large portion of their leisure going to see stage representations of Shakespeare's plays. She therefore heard considerable conversation about the plays, and about the persons acting the chief rôles in them. It happened that "As You Like it" was one of the comedies being acted. The little girl was invited to go to see it. "Who is going to be Orlando?" she inquired; she had listened to so much talk about who "was," or was "going to be," the various persons in the several dramas!

"But," she objected, when she was informed, "I think I've heard you say he is not very tall. Orlando was *such* a tall man!"

"Was he?" I ventured, coming in at that moment. "I don't remember that about him. Who told you he was tall?"

"Why, it is in the book!" she exclaimed.

Every one present besought her to mention where.

"Don't you remember?" she said, incredulously. "He says Rosalind is just as high as his heart; that wouldn't be *quite* up to his shoulder. And she says she is *more than common* tall! So he must have been *'specially* tall. Don't you remember?" she asked again, looking perplexedly at our blank faces.

There are so many bonds of understanding between American children of the present time and their grown-up relatives and friends. Is not one of the best of these that which has come out of our National impulse toward giving the boys and girls the books we love, "cut small;" and showing them how to read those books as we read the larger books from which they are made? "What kinds of books do American children read?" foreigners inquire. We are able to reply, "The same kinds that grown-up Americans read." "And why do they read them?" may be the next question. Again we can answer, "For much the same reasons that the grown-ups read them." "How do they use the libraries?" might be the next query. Still we could say, "As grown people use them." And if yet another query, "Why?" be put, we might reply, "Because, unlike any other children in the world, American children are almost as completely 'exposed to books' as are their elders."

I WOULD NOT BE A CHILD AGAIN

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

I would not be a child again
For all the rainbow's hidden gold;
Though I saw wondrous visions then,
My hands were never strong to hold.

Forgetful of the open sky,
Bravely I dreamed as hour by hour
I lingered like some butterfly
The prisoner of a single flower.

With strength to love, but none to save,
I marked each fragrant petal fall.
Flower and dream found a wind-bourne grave
With molten sunlight for a pall.

Then I was left with empty hands
And loneliness too blank for tears.
God pity him who understands
Glad dreams too holy for his years!

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THE NEW BOOKS

Why Women Are So. By Mary Roberts Coolidge, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York $1.50.

No one can fail to understand this title, for it is cleverly noticeable. The author claims to be impartial, and to have made a first-hand study of the ordinary, orthodox, middle-class women, who have constituted the domestic type for more than a century. She defends with skill the thesis that sex traditions rather than sex character have produced what is called "feminine" as distinguished from womanly behavior. In order to prove her point, she assembles a great number of undisputed facts, all supporting her view. While her statements are true, she makes the mistake of generalizing too recklessly. As some one said concerning her premises, it depends upon *whose* mother and grandmother she is talking about. Probably in some circles these ladies were the stunted product of their narrow lives. But in so many circles as to be of importance in considering the question in hand our mothers and grandmothers had better-trained minds and were of far wider outlook than have the specialized products of the latest modern ideals. The author's good-natured irony is directed against the training that too often used to be regarded as necessary for girls. It may be that some readers will recoil from her uncompromising plain speech. We are rapidly becoming emancipated from prudish traditions. A boy she says might be by nature a coward, and a girl a fighter, but he would be admired for winning in a fisticuff encounter, while she would be called a "vixen" under similar provocation. Very justly, credit is given to liberal-minded men who have tried to dispel the apathy of women toward their advancement in social and educational lines. The "learned lady" was as much of a bugaboo to most women as she was to men. And as to the laws, "Most men are better than the law," said Alice Stone Blackwell. It is amazing to know that even now only thirteen States give to women the joint guardianship of their children. Such facts as these help us to comprehend the bitterness with which the women's rights movement began. The arguments, supported by statistics and other facts, made in favor of equal suffrage are stated with more restraint, though no less strongly, than by other recent writers. A chapter on Literary Amateurs is interesting from its point of view. An acute observation is to the effect that, while the number of qualities called "feminine" in recent thinking has diminished, masculinity has remained a fixed congeries of characteristics. Yet listen to Professor Gayley, of the University of California, describe the male college student: "Busy to no purpose, imitative, aimless; boastful, but unreliant; inquisitive, but quickly losing interest; fitful, inconsequential, platitudinous, forgetful; noisy, sudden, ineffectual." Would one be far astray if all these terms (except perhaps boastful) had been applied to women, and assumed to be merely "feminine"? The alarm about the "feminization" of the schools by women teachers does not seem to extend to the undoubted feminization of the family, through the inattention of men to their family duties. In the words of the author, when woman "shall have caught up with the game and when she has acquired the same confidence in herself that the ordinary man has and an equal opportunity to exercise her abilities, she will be—herself! Not a masculine female, nor a defeminized anomaly, but just a competent, sensible woman, for whose service the world already has unlimited use."

Arrival of Antony (The). By Dorothea Conyers. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.35.

Any one who loves the Irishman in his own land (and who can wholly resist his charm?) must enjoy this story. Antony, for sufficient though mysterious reasons, was brought up on the Continent in good society. When of age, he took his place in Ireland between two uncles who were somewhat scandalously engaged in horse-dealing. A greater contrast to his former life could hardly be imagined, yet innate nobility kept Antony true to his accepted position, and, a loyal youth, he lived with and loved his old Uncle Tim. The brighter future that opened to him reconciles us to his discipline. The perfect Irish humor and point of view, with dashing accounts of horse-racing and fox-hunting, carry the reader on with an enjoyable sense of having found something fresh in the way of good tales.

Johnny Blossom. By Dikken Zwilgmeyer. Translated by Emilie Poulsson. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.

Johnny Blossom's gay little figure, with mouth pursed up in a shrill whistle, wins our hearts at first sight. No little Lord Fauntleroy is Johnny—and even less is he the irresponsible mischief of modern boy stories. He is simply the dearest, most natural boy we have met in all recent fiction. Translated from the Norwegian, the atmosphere and wholesome feeling of the sweet little narrative is really a bit of sincere and noble art. Johnny Blossom truly is not local, but universal. Would that his wise parents were as universal! Note the way they meet Johnny's schemes and receive his childish confidences, and be enlightened. Everybody should know dear little Johnny Blossom.

Helen Ormsby. By Belle Moses. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

A fanciful, merry, often foolish, and quite improbable story of seven gay, rich college girls who, when the father of one of them was threat-

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ened with financial difficulties, came in a body to his elegant home and paid to be trained in housekeeping under his six servants. Lovers and fun came into the scheme, of course, but equally of course it never could have happened.

Russian Wonder Tales. By Post Wheeler, Litt.D. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

A beautiful book, charmingly illustrated with colored plates by a Russian artist, Bilibin, contains translations of Russian myths as told to the little children of Russia. The Foreword, by the translator, is a valuable paper upon folk-tales, their origin and meaning. This is for the older reader and student. Children will be fascinated by the mysteries and marvels of the tales, and in the quaint, brightly tinted pictures they will find unending pleasure.

Journal of a Sporting Nomad (The). By J. T. Studley. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.50.

The present year has apparently seen a larger addition to the number of books on sport than has any previous year. Mr. Studley's book tells us about Alaska and North Canada, but also about Newfoundland, Iceland, Spitzbergen, and Africa. His book is thus one of very varied interest. His manner of writing is simple and straightforward, and his descriptions are graphic.

Sir Walter Raleigh. By John Buchan. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

A boy's book which is at the same time a distinct contribution to history is certainly desirable for any family library, and that description fits Mr. Buchan's "Raleigh." The present volume might well charm all ages. Surely the delightfully quaint and exquisitely colored pictures would please the veriest child, and the text is simple enough to be understood by any lad of the grammar school age. The account of Raleigh is unlike other accounts, and therefore it will interest those of an older age who may welcome another point of view with regard to one of the greatest names in the Elizabethan age.

Spiritual Culture and Social Service. By Charles S. Macfarland. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

This is a distinctly inspirational book. Its author, already esteemed for his devotional, theological, and exegetical writings, stands in the group of such prophets as Phillips Brooks and James Martineau. His brief but well-rounded sermonettes all speak to conscience. His message is given in thoughtful and ringing speech from his chair as Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, intent on using the key to our pressing social problems which Jesus has given in the as yet unapplied principles of his gospel of a divine humanity. The splendid manhood of Jesus, rousing men to moral enthusiasm by its inspiring revelation of what they must become to be true men, is strongly emphasized. New points put to old texts demonstrate the statement that "we need some new commentators." This book has two things that the whole Church needs to have—spiritual authority and human sympathy. It is a book to be read, and read again; by none more needed than by those religionists who decline to try to better the present social order on the plea that we must leave that in the hand of God.

Childhood Verses. By Burges Johnson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $3.

It is difficult to construct the right sort of book on children or for children. Mr. Burgess Johnson, the author of "Rhymes of Home," "Rhymes of Little Boys," etc., has essayed to do this sort of thing, and has succeeded. His elaborate quarto volume is notable both because of its twenty very remarkable illustrations and because of his poems, which reflect not a little of the Eugene Field atmosphere. The book is one which concerns itself with very little children. It will doubtless be a foremost contribution to the Christmas gift season.

Historical Setting of the Early Gospel. By Thomas Cuming Hall. Eaton & Mains, New York. 75 cents.

This is a small but meaty volume, lighting up the historical background of the New Testament. Not only are many passages therein better understood, but also, what is equally important, the hitherto but partially comprehended character of primitive Christianity and the early Church—"it was a new brotherhood with a new economic life," in a period of social reconstruction. It was the religion of a working class, as it again was in the mediæval free cities; the religion of thrifty freedmen, doing for their class "much what the evangelical revival did for the rising working class of England, and what Socialism is doing for that class in Germany." It was persecuted, says Dr. Hall, because of the "jealousy of the economic and social power that the new organization evolved," threatening the solidarity of the Empire. The solidarity of the Church, thus threatened, became correspondingly important. So it was for a social and political rather than a purely theological interest that heresies (literally, factions) were banned, and orthodox formulæ insisted on as the test of membership in good standing. Dr. Hall points to the internal conflicts in labor unions to-day as "an admirable commentary on the early Christian history." Thus viewed in its historical setting, the New Testament is, as he says, "an intensely modern book." Thirty years ago a distinguished Churchman, Dr. Hatch, of Oxford, called attention to the social and economic character of early Christianity. This has never till now been so fully exhibited. While we must cease, as Dr. Hall concludes, "to idealize the early Church after the fashion of an unhistorical High Churchism," we cannot

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"underrate the elements of great primitive moral strength in a Church which, in spite of all the weaknesses brought into it by . . . the Empire's underworld, transformed the ideals of the community."

Economic Beginnings of the Far West. By Katharine Coman. Two vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4 per set.

While this work throws little new light on the history of the expansion movement from the Mississippi to the Pacific, it is valuable as bringing together a great variety of useful information relating to the several steps in the American advance hitherto accessible only in scattered publications, many of them books now seldom read by any but professional historians. Certainly it makes very plain the influence of colonizing ability in determining the ultimate ownership of the vast trans-Mississippi region; for, as Miss Coman truly observes, the international controversies of which this region was the subject were undeniably "adjudicated in advance of diplomatic award by thronging settlers whose political and economic vision no less than their superior industrial efficiency made them masters of the coveted country." In her first volume she graphically depicts the failure of the Spaniards and the French to follow up the discoveries of their explorers—whose adventures she relates in perhaps superfluous detail—and in the second volume she describes the successful exploitation by the American pioneer of the resources of the different States now comprised in our Far West. Each of the successive processes in the Americanization of Louisiana Territory, Texas, California, and Oregon—the distinct but mutually helpful activities of the hunter, trapper, trader, missionary, and home-seeker—are informingly described, not merely in a general way, but with emphasis on the specific contributions of well-known and little-known leaders; and the net result is an excellent presentation of both the obstacles overcome and the opportunities utilized by the "economic founders" of Western America. The inclusion of a number of admirably chosen illustrations, mostly from old books of travel, undoubtedly reinforces the statements of the text by affording interesting and convincing glimpses of the land and the people in those bygone times.

Land and Peoples of the Kasai. By M. W. Hilton-Simpson. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $3.50.

In these days when interest in the Congo and other regions of equatorial Africa is particularly keen, Mr. Hilton-Simpson's book is well in place. A few years ago he visited the Kasai basin of the Congo Free State. The Kasai is the largest of the tributaries of the Congo River; it falls into the Congo about a hundred and forty miles above Stanley Pool. The region described by the author is little known to most of us, and his account differs so much from one's preconceived notions that it will occasion surprise in more than one particular. For instance, he tells us that he came across no examples of brutality on the part of white men towards the natives, and yet he lived for practically two years in close contact with the natives. He adds, however: "What goes on in parts of the Congo which I have never visited I am not in a position to state." Another thing which may surprise some is the author's tribute to the blacks. Let no one imagine that "any sort of man" will do to administer the black man's country. "No one can more quickly distinguish a gentleman from a scapegrace or a strong man from a weak than the primitive inhabitants of Central Africa. Let the Belgians, bearing this in mind, do their utmost to induce men of the *best class* to enter the Congo service, and the success of their colonial enterprise should be assured."

Religion in China. By J. J. M. De Groot, Ph.D., I.L.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

The eminent sinologue to whom we owe this new volume of American Lectures on the History of Religions develops a profounder view of his subject than is commonly taken. It is the fruit of independent research during and after the six years which he spent in the Far East in study of the Chinese and their languages. The groundwork of the religion and ethics of China as presented by Confucianism is found in Taoism, of which Confucianism is the more conservative and classic form. Taoism is a doctrine of the universe, "universism," Tao meaning "the way," or natural order, in the constitution of the world and of man. Taoism sets forth the way of human conduct where conformity to the order of nature leads to happiness. Here Chinese wisdom in immemorial antiquity anticipated the doctrine of Grecian Stoics many centuries later, "Live according to nature." Like the Greek philosophy, Chinese wisdom had its four cardinal virtues, of which benevolence was the chief, all given from Heaven, and it enjoined their culture as the Tao to all blessings. Like the Socratic ethics, Confucianism conditioned virtue on knowledge, but made knowledge dependent on the study of orthodox classics. Consequently, despite its sublime theory of universism, Chinese religion has been unable to rise above "demonocracy," worshiping and dreading the spirits—divine and devilish—swarming throughout the universe. The details given in this deeply interesting volume will impress its readers with a conviction of the prodigious revolution involved in the modernizing of the Chinese mind. Yet it has already been effected in a multitude who have proved their faith by their lives and by many martyr deaths.

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BY THE WAY

"O for an hour of Suleiman the Magnificent!" the beaten Turks might well exclaim in this day of their extinction as a great military power. On thirteen different occasions Suleiman's armies marched forth from Constantinople through its Adrianople Gate, and as many times returned in triumph through that portal of victory. The equally famous Golden Gate was walled up by Mohammed II after his capture of the city in 1453, as a superstition arose that by it the Christians would re-enter Constantinople, victorious.

That peculiar combination of age, worldly wisdom, and affability which insures the application of the sobriquet "uncle" to a public man does not always save him from being relegated to private life when the political tide runs out. "Uncle" Joe Cannon and "Uncle" Cy Sulloway are recent illustrations of this truth. A host of Congressional nephews must now find new subjects for avuncular honors.

The p'ai-lous, or memorial arches of China, says Frederick McCormick in the "National Geographic Magazine," rival the pagodas in grace, beauty, and numbers. Many of them are erected to commemorate the devotion of virtuous widows who have refused to remarry. The fabled phœnix, which never changes its mate, is prominent in the decorations of these arches.

The dead are evicted from their holdings in great cities with much more difficulty than the living. A cemetery in New York City which had been unused since 1851 has just been sold. Three times the opposition of descendants of persons buried there has held up the sale. The bodies, with the tombstones, were several years ago transferred to another burial-place.

A curious foot-note to history is found in Mr. G. L. de St. M. Watson's recently published book "A Polish Exile with Napoleon," to the effect that the Emperor's evenings at St. Helena were solaced with music from a piano which was imported from England at a cost to Napoleon himself of £122 ($610). The musician was perhaps Mme. Bertrand; at any rate, the piano was bequeathed to her and was removed by her from the island after Napoleon's death.

An illiterate, in the eyes of the United States Census Bureau, is a person of ten years or over who cannot write, regardless of his or her ability to read. Judged by this standard, illiteracy in this country has decreased in the last decade from 10.7 to 7.5 per cent. Among children from ten to fourteen years old only a fraction above four to the hundred are now illiterate.

Andrew D. White's eightieth birthday, celebrated November 7, was marked by messages of congratulation from all parts of the world. Among them was one from the German Emperor, who formed a strong attachment for Dr. White when he was the American Ambassador at Berlin.

Nine years ago Mme. Alice Blache, according to an interview in the "Dramatic Mirror," came to this country from France, speaking no English, having little money, and with few friends. Now her friends are legion, she speaks excellent English, and she is a dominant figure in the motion-picture world, being the president of a film-producing company which she has built up and from which she is said to draw an income of $50,000 a year. She seems to combine a Frenchwoman's talent for business with the American ability to grasp an opportunity such as the motion-picture furor has afforded.

New York City must get its Christmas trees this year from some other than its usual source of supply. The Department of Agriculture has barred the sending of such trees from New England, because of the prevalence there of the gypsy moth and the brown-tail moth. It hopes thus to prevent the spread of these pests.

If buyers of Christmas presents will bear in mind the following injunctions of an auxiliary Consumers' League, they will help effectively to spread the Christmas spirit of good will: Don't leave Christmas shopping till the week before Christmas. Don't shop after five o'clock or on Saturday afternoons. Don't give your address carelessly to the saleswomen. Don't forget that "the welfare of the worker is part of the buyer's responsibility."

An incident seen on a city street the other day indicates that the antagonism between drivers of horse-drawn vehicles and chauffeurs of motor trucks is giving way to an *entente cordiale*. A heavily loaded wagon was stuck between two car tracks, and the horses were vainly endeavoring to pull out their load. A huge ten-ton motor truck passed, then turned, backed up, and with a mighty push dislodged the wagon. The driver beamed his thanks, and an atmosphere of general good feeling took the place of one of gloom and hard words.

Among anniversary celebrations this year is that of Liechtenstein, a tiny Principality on the Rhine, established in 1712. Its population of 10,000 are in many respects ideally situated, for they have a beautiful, productive country, they pay no taxes, have no public debt, and are free from liability to military service.

Large corporations, comprised mainly of Englishmen, are now making Oriental rugs in a wholesale way, according to a writer in one of the magazines. These corporations, located mainly in Turkey, gather the rug-makers from different places, set up looms for them, and give them regular pay. The workers copy handsome antiques, and in this way the price of fine rugs has, it is asserted, been much reduced.

Chauffeurs in Berlin, Germany, are forbidden to smoke cigars or cigarettes while on duty. This order by the municipal authorities has been issued with a view to lessening accidents.

Items like this make encouraging reading for the traveling public: The largest single order ever placed for steel passenger coaches was given recently by the New York Central Railroad. It was for 207 cars, representing an investment of $5,000,000. These cars thus cost about $25,000 each—and they are worth it, in assurance of safety to passengers and immunity from damage suits to the railways.

Signor Scotti, the singer, appeared in the papers on his recent arrival in America as a "how to get thin" expert. The Scotti system is simple: no potatoes, no fresh bread, no butter, spaghetti but once a week, and nothing at all to drink at meals. But is a temporarily diminished waist line worth so many gustatory sacrifices?

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